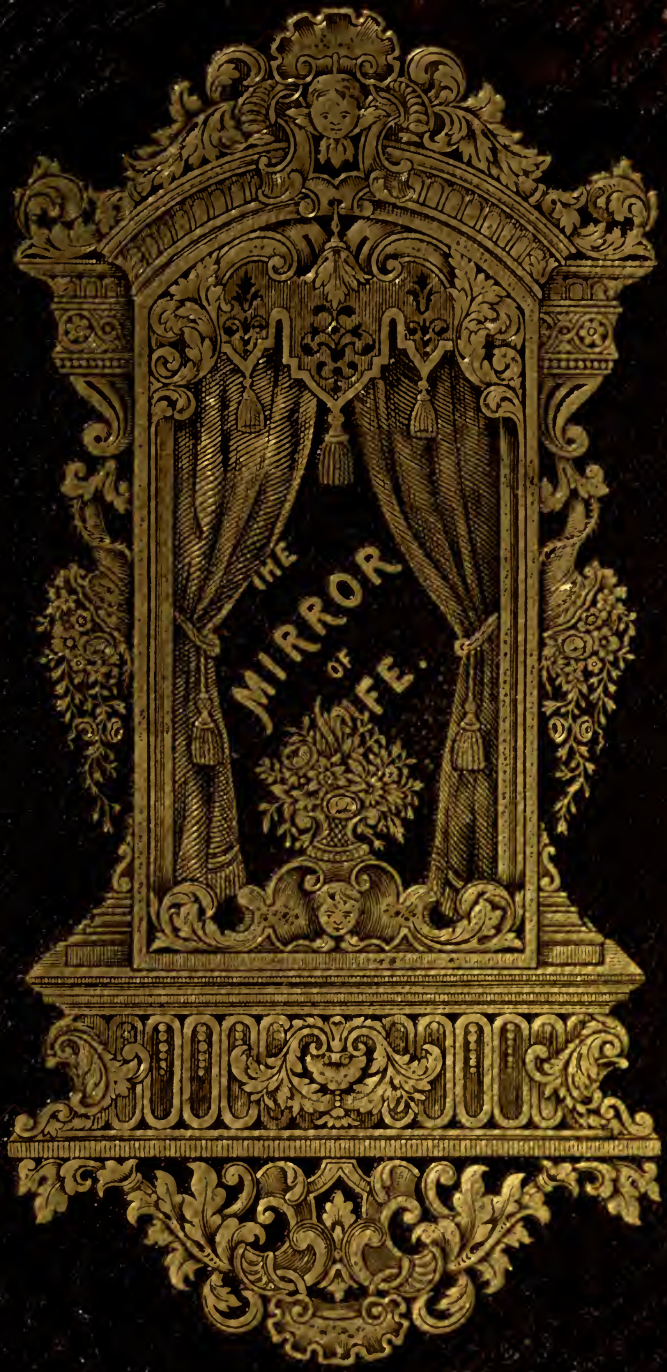
THE
MIRROR
OF
LIFE.

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THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

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THE

MIRROR

OF

LIFE

EDITED BY MRS. L. C. TUTHILL.

PHILADELPHIA

LINDSAY AND BLAKISTON.

THE

MIRROR OF LIFE.

EDITED BY

MRS. L. C. TUTHILL.

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead—
Act—act in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead."

LONGFELLOW.

PHILADELPHIA:
LINDSAY AND BLAKISTON.

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PREFACE.

Intended as this volume is, to present to the view of its readers the various stages of life's progress, from the first dawnings of infancy to old age, no more appropriate title could be selected than "The Mirror of Life" to indicate its contents. The matter is all original, and from the pens of favourite Authors of our own country. The plates are from pictures or designs by American Artists, never before engraved; and with one exception, were prepared expressly for this Work. Presenting thus an array of talent, in the letter-press and the embellishments, rarely to be met, the publishers trust that the public will find this purely American book well deserving of patronage.

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ILLUSTRATIONS,

ENGRAVED BY

JOHN SARTAIN, PHILADELPHIA.

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THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

"Now, we see through a glass, darkly;—then, face to face."
1 Cor. xiii. 12.

I.

From Mercy unending
A light is descending,
Which falls on the Mirror of Life,
To aid us in seeing
The end of our being,
Mid changes, and sorrow, and strife.

II.

The spirit undying,
While childhood is flying,
The joys of the moment engage;
A bird, it is singing,
Contentedly swinging,
Unconscious as yet of its cage.

III.

While manhood is fleeting,
Impatient 'tis beating,
The strength of its prison to prove;
In age it is waiting,
Till slowly the grating
The hand of decay shall remove.

IV.

When poverty, scorning,
And sickness, and mourning,
In darkness the spirit enshroud,
The heavenly lightning
The shadow is brightening,
And purity follows the cloud.

V.

Temptations receiving,
And conquests achieving,
Its virtue is strengthened each hour,
Till victory gaining,
And glory obtaining,
It triumphs in perfected power.

THE INFANT AND THE SUNBEAM.

BY THE REV. G. W. BETHUNE, D.D.

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

I.

I HEARD a gentle murmuring,
'Twixt laughter and a tune,
Or like a full brook gurgling
Through the long grass in June.

II.

I traced the sound—an infant lay
There in his cradle bed,
And through the curtains shone a ray
Of sunshine on his head;

III.

It flashed from off each golden tress,
Like the glory painters see,
Round young John in the wilderness,
Or Christ on Mary's knee.

IV.

The child put up his little hand,
He waved it to and fro,
And words, I could not understand,
Seem'd from his lips to flow;

V.

Words in which joy and love would blend,
As though he thought the while,
The light to be a pleasant friend,
A friend with a pleasant smile.

VI.

Thus, till the sunny ray grew dim,
As it passed the window-pane,
He murmured on his happy hymn,
Then fell asleep again.

VII.

O God, I thought, that I could be
Like that meek, little child,
To greet thy Truth which shines on me,
With brow as undefiled.

VIII.

And then with lips as innocent,
And heart as free from guile,
Sing of thy love in glad content,
Look up, and see Thee smile.

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

BY THE REV. CLEMENT M. BUTLER.

There is no class of our fellow-beings that ought to awaken a deeper interest in our hearts, than the children of the poor.

Is there anything so touchingly helpless as a poor child deprived by crime or misfortune or death of its natural protector? It seems as it stands, sad, frightened, and wondering in its helplessness, to ask, "What am I sent here for?"

The young of animals soon learn by instinct to find their food spread upon nature's table. But a parent's care is to the child in the place of instinct, and a parent's hand the source of its supply. When through poverty or crime or death, a child is deprived of such guardianship, what is so pitiful, what so helpless? What can it do but stand up in its rags and say, in the inarticulate but expressive eloquence of tears, "Here I am, God's creature, left alone to perish. Will any man take me that I die not?" And if none come, what can the poor child do but lay its head upon its dead mother's breast, and wail itself into the sleep which has no waking?

Sad as their case is, yet in the present disjointed state of things, they subserve a high moral purpose. We owe much to the children of the poor. They keep soft and tender the hearts of humanity. They are sent into the world poor and suffering, not that *they may remain so*, but that they may be released by the prosperous and happy, and thus impart a bless-

ing as large as they receive. What would a human heart be which never had its sympathy awakened! What an unlovely thing would that heart be which had never felt another's pain! Without pity, the hearts of all would stiffen into cold and rigid selfishness. It is pity which

"Softens human rock-work into men."

Mercy could not live in the human heart without an object. Suffering has furnished occasion for the most glorious manifestations of God, and given birth to, and strengthened, the holiest sympathies of man. Instead of fruitlessly endeavouring to form anew a world whence suffering shall be excluded, let us rather endeavour to evolve the designed blessing out of the permitted evil. Well does the wise and eloquent proverbialist declare:

"Sin is an awful shadow, but it addeth new glories to the light;
Sin is a black foil, but it setteth off the jewelry of heaven;
Sin is the traitor which hath dragged the majesty of mercy into action."

Let us remember, then, the children of the poor have their mission to the world, and as they come to us, let not their heavenly message be all unheeded and unheard. As we think of them with reference to the duty which we owe to them, let us not forget that they are entrusted with a divine blessing, to be imparted in return to us.

What is that little neglected thing that is playing on the floor, while its mother toils with sinking heart for bare bread; while the father is off on riot, or comes home only to rob those for whom he should provide? What is it? What will it be if left there and thus? What might it be if taken elsewhere and placed under other influences? It is a jewel of more worth than the world upon which it lives. It is an immortal

endowed with eternal capabilities. It is capable of purity and advancement under right environment; but it has an inner aptitude to evil which outer occasions call forth and strengthen. Yet even with this aptitude to sin, if from the earliest years it be the object of constant kindness to call forth its affections; if it be subjected to discipline and self-control; if it be early taught filial fear, reverence and love of God; if it be instructed in God's word and will; if it allow the spirit of God to work penitence towards God and faith in Jesus; if it have before it constraining and winning examples of holiness; and if it be under the descending dews of promised grace given in answer to believing prayer; then shall the soul of that little one which, neglected, might have become a burning brand in the world of wo, be a glad and eternal light in its father's home in heaven. For the soul of that child, open to evil, is not inaccessible to good.

Childhood has tender conscience, teachableness of spirit, grateful feeling. Recently from the Creator's hand, his impress upon it seems less effaced than it does on elder hearts. Heaven, which has been said to lie about us in our infancy, has left some of its odour and its radiance lingering about childhood's heart. I know not why it is, but all of us have at times felt in the presence of amiable and docile children as if a sweet sacredness invested them; as if they had just taken their little heads from the breast of Jesus, when he took them in his arms and blessed them. And when we feel this charm of childhood in the case of those who are destitute and forlorn, it is just that attraction towards them which we should obey, that according to the design of the blessed Saviour of the world, "we may do them good."

We would that we might cast on "the Mirror of Life" such

a faithful and distinct picture of the children of the poor, that some readers would be touched with the spectacle, and consecrate their love and their activities to their welfare. It is among the most blessed—if it be humble—of all methods of doing good. One of its richest rewards is the luxury of the act itself. If you wish to see a person thoroughly happy, go and look on him who is making children happy.

It has been said, that if a man has no pleasure in children, and children none in him—if his face never brightens when he sees them, and his voice does not soften into the tones of affection when he speaks to them, that there is something wrong about him, and that he is not to be relied upon for anything good and disinterested. However that may be, it will be confessed that he who cordially loves little children, is made a happier and better man by converse with them. Often, indeed, when we see little children win to them and make to labour for their amusement, alike the amiable and the harsh, the strong-minded and the weak, we seem to have the prophecy fulfilled: "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid and the calf, and the young lion and the fatling together, *and a little child shall lead them.*"

All persons of kindly feelings love to give even momentary pleasure to a child. But to entitle ourselves to their lasting gratitude—to be the subject of their daily grateful remembrances and of their prayers—to be conscious that we have been the honoured instruments of saving them from many sins and sorrows, there are few pleasures so elevated—so sweet—as this!

Reader,—to whom the bounty of Providence gave a happy childhood, and who art now surrounded by the comforts and blessings of a happy home,—remember the children of the poor! Take the hungry, timid, weeping little one by the

hand. Provide for it, if you can, a comfortable home. The crushed and down-pressed heart of childhood will rise and expand again into life, as the flower beaten down by the storm lifts its bright head again smilingly in the sunshine, and thank you with its sweets.

Do you know much,—you, who peruse these pages,—do you know much of the poor? I do not ask if you know of them as they are depicted in the gilded annual or the illustrated tale which lies upon your centre-table? I mean the *real* poor —those who live in that narrow lane and that neglected hovel, which you must soil your shoe to reach, where you will find squalor, dirt, and the dissonance of children—in short, deep poverty, with all its real and revolting accompaniments.

In one of those damp and dismal holes, which it is a trial for you even to enter, sits a father, cursing the day that he was born, murmuring at the unequal allotments of Providence, imprecating vengeance for the wrongs of the powerful, the wealthy, and the cruel! His spirit is fierce and vindictive, and his inner pollution is more frightful than his outward squalor. When he was a poor child, he might have been taken by the hand and trained up to a life of usefulness and happiness.

There is another, who has struggled bravely against the waves of poverty, but sickness has unnerved his arm, and he is borne down; he is endeavouring to silence in his heart the complainings of discontent and the denunciations of bitterness, and to lift to the Chastener an eye of gratitude and submission, though it be suffused with tears.

There again is the mother, who, pausing from the toil that has killed her, to die, fixes her eye on her wondering and weeping little one, and, as she consigns it to God,

> "Gives the sad presage of its future years,
> The child of misery, baptized with tears."

And again, in the silence of the night, a voice of complaining children is heard, waking to weep, crying from cold or hunger, or moaning in their sleep—living over again in dreams the sad life of their waking hours. It is an awful thing, that such things should be in the midst of those who have bread enough and to spare!

Reader! repay to the children of the poor something for the happiness which they have imparted to you. Remember, that when God maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them. And remember also that the Saviour will say, at the last great day, to those who have loved and blessed *his poor*, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto *the least* of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me!"

LE PETIT SOURD-MUET.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I.

Child of the speaking eye,—
Child of the voiceless tongue,—
Around whose unresponsive ear
No harp of earth is rung,—

II.

There's one, whose nursing care
Relax'd not,—night or day,—
Yet ne'er hath heard thy lisping word
Her tenderness repay,—

III.

Though anxiously she strove
Each uncouth tone to frame,
Still vainly listening through her tears,
To catch a Mother's name.

IV.

Child of the fetter'd ear,—
Whose hermit mind must dwell
Mid all the harmonies of earth,
Lone, in its silent cell,—

V.

Fair, budding thoughts are thine,—
With sweet affection's wave,—
And whispering angels bless thy dreams
With minstrelsy of love;—

VI.

I knew it,—by the smile
That o'er thy peaceful sleep,
Glides, like the rosy beam of morn,
To tint the misty deep.

VII.

Child of the pensive brow,
Search for those jewels rare,
That glow in Heaven's withholding hand,
To cheer thy lot of care.

VIII.

Hermetically seal'd
To sounds of wo and crime,
That vex, and stain the pilgrim soul
Amid the toils of time,—

IX.

By discipline made wise,
Pass patient on thy way,
And when rich music loads the air,
Bow down thy head,—and pray.

X.

Child of immortal hope,—
Still many a gift is thine,
The untold treasures of the heart,
The gems from learning's mine,—

XI.

And what ecstatic joy,
The thrilling lip shall prove,
That first its life-long chain shall burst
In a pure realm of love;

XII.

What rapture for the ear,
When its stern seal is riven,
To drink its first, baptismal sound
From the full choir of heaven.

THE PETITION.

BY MRS. L. C. TUTHILL.

"I am unworthy, yet, for their dear sake,
I ask, whose roots planted in me are found;
For precious vines are propp'd by rudest stake,
And heavenly roses fed in darkest ground.

"Beneath my leaves, though early fallen and faded,
Young plants are warmed,—they drink my branches' dew:
Let them not, Lord, by me be upas-shaded:
Make me, for their sake, firm, and pure, and true."

J. F. CLARKE.

"THERE comes father! What shall we do?" exclaimed Lucy Norrie, a bright, fair-haired girl, to her little brother and sister. "Do you not hear him? He is almost on the last stair. Walter, dear, hide under that sofa in the corner; Maggie, come with me behind this curtain."

The boy had scarcely crept into his hiding-place, and the rich folds of the drapery of the window were still rustling, when the father walked into the parlour, which had just been brilliantly lighted for the evening.

And why should those little ones conceal themselves from that handsome young father? The elegance of his dress, and his air, proclaim him a man of fashion; the splendid apartment, into which his entrance has caused such commotion, bespeaks the wealth of the owner.

He is a married *roué!*—A dissipated father!

He walks up to the magnificent pier-glass, and after looking at himself for a moment, exclaims, with an oath, "Sober!"

A strange thing, indeed, for Walter Norrie to return home from a dinner party sober. The fact could be accounted for only in one way: he had dined with a friend who, for the first time, had banished wine and strong drinks from his dinner-table.

Poor little Walter sobbed aloud in his corner under the sofa. The father heard the noise and, perceiving the shaking of one of the curtains, went softly towards the window and gently lifted the drapery.

There knelt his two little girls, with their faces to the wall, their hands clasped, and their eyes closed.

"O God, pity my poor father, and make him a good man," earnestly whispered the elder girl, little Lucy.

Walter Norrie, that arrow, from the quiver of the Almighty, has found a crevice in the armour with which vice has guarded thy soul.

The curtain was noiselessly dropped; the sobbing increased. The astonished father stooped, and under the sofa saw his only boy—his little namesake.

"Why, Wattie, what is the matter? Come out here, my boy; are you playing hide and seek?"

The little fellow cautiously crept from his hiding-place, regarding his father with a terrified air.

"Do not be frightened, boy. Why did you hide under the sofa?"

"Because we heard *you* coming;" lisped the boy.

"And why was my son afraid of his dear papa?"

"I am not afraid of dear papa," said the boy, smiling

joyously through his tears, "but I thought it was that naughty papa, who strikes Wattie sometimes."

Lucy and Maggie now stole cautiously from their retreat, and, as if to protect their little brother, placed themselves one on either side of him, taking his plump, dimpled hands in theirs.

"Mamma has gone to church with Aunt Mary," said Lucy, in a deprecating tone. "She told us we might play an hour in the parlour before we went to bed."

"Well, I will not interrupt you. What were you playing, Lucy?" inquired the father, with a pleasant smile upon his handsome features.

Lucy made no answer.

The father seated himself, and appeared a little impatient.

"I will tell you, papa," said Maggie: "Lucy was the mother, and Wattie was her little boy; she was sick and very sorrowful, and cried a great deal; I played I was the doctor, who had come to see her. I just put on Wattie's little coat and cap, as you see, papa. I hope it don't displease you; we were only in fun, you know."

The father smiled at the droll appearance of his little girl, and said, encouragingly,

"And why was Lucy so sick and sorrowful?"

"Because, she played, she had a very bad, wicked husband, who drank naughty, hateful brandy, that made him crazy."

Here Lucy burst into an agony of tears.

"Well, children, you may go to bed now," said Walter Norrie; "come and kiss your poor father."

Little Wattie sprang to his father's arms and gave him a hearty kiss. Maggie followed his example, but Lucy stood abashed and irresolute.

"And Lucy, have you not a kiss, too, for your father?"

Years had passed since these children had received the sweet goodnight-kiss from their father.

Lucy threw her arms around his neck and sobbed aloud upon his bosom. Tears dropped from the eyes of Walter Norrie upon the fair forehead of his child, as he whispered in her ear,

"Yes, Lucy, pray for your sinful father. Good night."

Long after the children were sleeping, the wretched father paced that splendid apartment. Conscience was wrestling with his heart. The man had begun, through the grace of God, "to work out his salvation with fear and trembling."

He knelt in the place hallowed by the holy breathings of his child, and there vowed a solemn vow, over which angels in Heaven rejoiced.

That vow was faithfully kept, and Walter Norrie is now a Christian father.

GOOD-NIGHT.

A NOISY band from "nursey's" hand,
They come to bid good-night;
No painter bold, on canvass old,
Has sketched a fairer sight.
Their bath has shed the roses red
Upon their dimpled cheeks,
But on their tops the limpid drops
Have played the strangest freaks;
The stiffest hair has changed its air,
To order now reclaimed,
And silken curls, like naughty girls,
Look sheepish and ashamed.
Their simple slips with graceful dips
Have left their shoulders bare,
And plainly show, from knee to toe,
How round and white they are.
Then lowly stoop the little group,
And fold their hands with care;
With lifted eyes and earnest guise,
They lisp their evening prayer.
The kiss goes round—good-nights resound—
They flit, like things of air.

Eschholtz

CHILDHOOD.

BY MISS CAROLINE E. ROBERTS.

I.

The smiles of blessed childhood,—
How much of joy they tell,—
Gushing unbidden, warm and free,
From out the heart's glad well.
Telling of fountains fill'd with joy,
Of pleasures new and fair—
Scattering their cheerful influence
Like sunbeams, everywhere.

II.

The tears of April childhood,
Which glisten as they rise,
Reflecting back, in rainbow hues,
Bright colours from the skies.
For clouds pass lightly o'er the heart,
Like shadows o'er a lake,
So grief upon the guileless soul
Can no sad impress make.

III.

The sports of merry childhood—
The joyous laugh and bound,
The gladsome shout that fills the air,
And echoes round and round.
The healthful sport—the quiet games,
The rambles far and wide,
For flowers in summer, or the tale
By winter's blithe fireside.

IV.

The sleep of sunny childhood—
How kindly doth it come,
Rest for the child, as for the flowers,
When summer day is done.
In fairy land of pleasant dreams,
Roameth the sleeper dear,
And smiles light up the silent face
As angels whisper near.

V.

The prayer of trusting childhood,—
That simple, earnest faith,
Which yieldeth to a Father's love
The care of all it hath.
Which asketh and receiveth,
Because no doubts arise,
But what its simple wishes reach
"Our Father" in the skies.

VI.

The death of happy childhood,—
  While day has but begun,
To see the glorious rising
  Of another brighter sun.
To pass away, ere sorrow comes
  With her chill, with'ring hand—
Fresh as from God—to pass away
  Into the better land.

VII.

The graves of peaceful childhood,—
  Grass-grown and fair to see,
Watched by affection's loving eye,
  And guarded carefully.
At eventide the daisies sleep
  Upon the quiet bed,
While in far deeper slumber rests
  The young—the cherish'd dead.

VIII.

The heaven of ransomed childhood;—
  Oh, Lamb of God once slain!
The "little ones" Thou lovest still,
  All worthy is Thy name!
In bright array they gather round
  Thy throne of light divine,
Safe in Thy Love,—no more to roam,—
  Dear Saviour, they are Thine.

BOYHOOD.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Ah! Boyhood! bright Boyhood! how beauteous thou art,
When Life's sunny morning dawns clear in thy heart!
When its rose-hues illumine thy joy-dimpled cheek,
And its light, laughing hopes in thy happy eyes speak;
The bark of thy Destiny launched on Life's tide,
Thou spring'st to the helm, full of rapture and pride;
Though storms gather dark in the distance before thee,
Thou seest not—thou hearest not—the blue heaven is o'er thee!
And the murmur of waves, and the sparkle of spray,
Make music, and beauty, and light in thy way;
Or if sometimes a shower steal down to the lea,
The rainbow glows through it—God's promise to thee!
And only by islands of bloom and delight
Thou moorest thy bark at the falling of night.
But heed'st thou, young stranger! those clouds in the west?
They steal between thee and thy haven of rest;
Right onward they come—they are looming more nigh;
They darken—they deepen—they shut out the sky!
Oh! far, far beyond them thy spirit must gaze
For the rainbow of Hope that o'er *that* tempest plays;
It dawns!—it is glowing—in beauty above;
It is lighted in *Heaven*—by God's smile of love—

For *thee*—through *thy* tears shall that fair signal shine,
If, in answer, *thy* flag, be Christ's banner divine!
Then shrink not—then doubt not—whate'er thy way be,
But firm 'neath that banner sail over Life's sea;
Through shallows of Folly—by breakers of Sin—
Untrammelled—triumphant—thy way thou shalt win;
And when Earth's fading sun lingers low in the west,
While bright beams before thee thy haven of rest,
Unscathed by the storm—thou shalt take in thy sail,
No longer the sport of the wave and the gale;
While God's holy Angel of Death shall be given
To pilot thee in—to the portals of Heaven!

MY SCHOLARS.

BY BUSHROD BARTLETT, ESQ.,

"Eorum volo esse discipulus, quorum sum et filius."
ERASMUS EX PLUT. IN LACON.

"Many his faults, his virtues small and few;
Some little good he did, or strove to do;
Laborious still, he taught the early mind,
And urged to manners meek and thoughts refined."
DWIGHT.

THIRTY years was I a schoolmaster, thirty happy, and I trust, thirty useful years. Yet no sinless cherubs condescended to seek the benefit of my instructions, my flock were undeniably of the posterity of Adam. I had obstinate boys with round eyes and upturned noses; impudent boys, who looked the insult they dared not to speak; passionate boys, who slammed desks and upset inkstands; deceitful boys, who never understood the question when not prepared to answer—in short, I was blessed with every variety of the bewitching torment yclept a boy.

Among them all, perhaps the most incorrigible were the dinner-basket boys; gingerbread-loving, nut-cracking little animals, to whom the crunching of an apple was the sweetest of music. A boy whose heart is in the depths of his dinner-basket, is a difficult subject to manage. A strong counterac-

tion in the head, or heart, will sometimes quiet the gnawing in the stomach.

One bright morning in autumn, there was a stir among the boys near the windows, as a carriage rolled down the quiet road leading to the school-house. The carriage stopped, and in a few moments Mrs. Benton had introduced her son to his new teacher. Will Benton had just passed his twelfth birthday; his tall slight figure was perfectly proportioned, and bent to acknowledge the introduction with a grace which would have charmed his dancing-master. His round face, bright colour and sweet mouth, were relieved from effeminacy by his high, bold forehead and sparkling black eyes.

As Bentonbrook, the country seat of his father, was four miles from the school-house, the carriage was not to be sent for Will until the close of the afternoon session. He was an only son, and many an injunction did I receive from his mother not to let him study too hard, or in any way injure his delicate constitution. There seemed little danger of it, for health was beaming from every feature of his handsome countenance. Before Mrs. Benton took her departure, she saw that his neat dinner-basket with its fine white napkin, was in a safe place, and I heard her whisper, as she bade him good-by, "Your luncheon is at the top, darling, and very nice it is."

"More trouble," thought I; but a glance at Will's frank, pleasant face, diminished my fears. For several days I watched with anxiety the gusto with which he devoured the dainties which were prepared for him, for I myself was then an humble dependant upon a dinner-basket. One little circumstance I noticed with pleasure, because it indicated that Will had not yet been made totally selfish by the foolish indulgence of his parents. An eager group of the smaller boys were standing

around him wistfully regarding him, while he was making rapid devastation among his sandwiches and cream-cakes. He read their expression and gave them a taste of a style of cooking which they seemed fully to appreciate.

The next day I proposed to Will, as I had often done to others of my boys, that we should take a little ramble together at noon. "We can take our baskets with us," said I, "and dine if we please, on the rocks by the river."

He seemed delighted with the proposal, and we were soon on our way. We walked on, familiarly chatting until we came in sight of a wretched hovel by the roadside, which had long been uninhabited. I had noticed for several days a light column of smoke occasionally ascending from the chimney, and that day I had learned from a little Irish girl, that her family were living there, and in great distress. Telling Will that I had occasion to stop there a few moments, I knocked at the door. It was opened by the little girl whom I had seen in the morning.

An emaciated woman was asleep upon an old blanket in one corner of the room, while a boy, apparently about the age of Will, was bending over a few coals stirring a most uninviting-looking mixture in an old tin cup.

"Is not this little Bridget?" said I.

She gave me a joyous glance of recognition, and, dropping a low courtesy, hurried towards the boy and whispered, "Spake to the gintleman, Larry."

"Whisht!" said Larry, as, followed by the little girl, he stepped outside the door and closed it behind him. "The mither's asleep and brathing like a babby, and it's maybe that same, that'll be afther putting the old life into her again."

"You are strangers here," said I, "and little Bridget tells me that your mother is ill."

"Sure, and she's not been the same at all, at all, since she saw them bury my poor faythe in the deep water. It was little we had left when we paid the captain, and stepped ashore in the big city. And lone-like and sorryful my poor mither filt, a lone widder in the counthry where she had been draming of living in an illigant house, with everything dacent about her, for sorra a body could bate my faythe in any work he turned his hand to. Though its choking she was with her feelins, she made bould to be axing a very nate, presintable gintleman she met, to put her in the way of feedin her childer. He called her an Irish beggar, a rascally immigrant, and a thaving paddy, and the like o' that, and that was all the direction she got. 'Sure,' said my mither, 'it's not in the big city we'll find the kind hearts, and we'll lave it behind us.' She claned out her pocket to buy us some bread, and then told us to follow her. Hard walking it was, for she wint like the wind,—niver turning to spake to us like herself. Three nights we slept by the road, ating our bread without spaking, for somehow her eyes rolled, and she was so strange-like, that we were afeard of her. It's little objection we made when she stopped at the door here and said she must rist. We spread the blanket for her there in the corner, and niver a mouthful has she tasted these three days—though its wather she's been callin' for, from mornin' till night. It's ould Ireland I've been longing for, and the praste and my cousins—for I could not make up my lips for axing anything from the could-hearted furriners, who gave my poor mither the black tongue, when wake and waving like a reed she was axing for work."

"Niver a bit would I have stirred," interrupted Bridget, "if

I had not come to the knowledge that Larry was starving the life out of him for mither and me. Yesterday morning he gives me some bread, and siz he, 'Sit here by the mither, and watch if she stirs, while I go outside and ate a bit of breakfast in the fresh air.' He had not lift her before, and he was looking down-hearted like, and I thought a sup of the breezes would do him no harm, so I sat down as asy as you plase. Purty soon he came back, and tucking something in the sack, he began to talk of whin he should be a man, and the mither and me be livin' with him, with everything gould about us. At noon and at night, he took to ating outside agin; he tried to be cheery, but I saw it wasn't his nat'ral way. This morning he took his crust and went out; as soon as the door was shut, I kept asing along till I got just by the hole there; I looked through; there was Larry on his knees, and as thrue as there is a sky above us, I heard him say, 'O God, help me to kape my promise to faythor, and take care of poor mither and Bridget. Give me strength to fight with the craving that would timpt me to be ating what's to keep the life in the darlints,' and the like o' that he kept repeating. When he got up from his knees, he came in at the door quite nat'ral-like, wiping his mouth as if he had had an illigant breakfast. I knew he had desaived me, and was goin' to put it to him, but jist thin the mither opened her eyes, and asked Larry, jist like herself, to give her something to eat.

"'Sure, mither,' says he, 'and it's a jewel of a broth I'll be afther making you.' Then he went to the ould sack foreninst the wall there, and took out the ould crusts as dry as a stick, and while he was putting a sup of water to them, I ran out of the door, and niver stopped till I came to the great house where I saw your honour and all the purty young gintlemen, and it's not till this minute that Larry knew that I went."

Poor Larry was too much confused at finding his self-denial thus discovered, to interrupt little Bridget while she was relating her story.

I turned to look at Will; great tears were rolling down his cheeks. "Here, give it to them," said he, handing me his basket.

We made the children sit down, and Will saw them devour his dinner, with a purer satisfaction than he had ever before experienced.

I noticed that Larry laid aside what he considered the most delicate morsels,—I did not doubt they were for his mother,—and promised to send her more suitable food.

The lesson was not lost upon Will. He had found that there was more pleasure in a kind action, than a good dinner, and he never forgot it.

The poor Irish woman recovered, and was soon able, with Larry's assistance, to obtain a comfortable support.

I never could bear to inflict pain upon the smallest animal; when I have awkwardly trodden upon a slumbering dog, I would have sacrificed all my knowledge of Hebrew, to have been sufficiently versed in the canine dialect, to apologize to the suffering beast. With these sentiments, the idea of inflicting corporal punishment was abhorrent to me; yet, at the commencement of my career as a pedagogue, I supposed it must be done. As all my own early acquirements had been whipped into me, I believed the rod to be an essential accompaniment to the rudiments of learning.

I was fresh from college when I first took charge of my school. In spite of the womanish weakness which I have

confessed, I had resolved upon being a strict disciplinarian. I made out a set of rigid rules, for which the punishment for all larger offences was plainly declared to be a flogging.

Several weeks had passed, and my courage and inflexibility in wielding the rod had not been tried; far from being troubled with disobedience, I had surrounded my tall person with such a halo of dignity, that my pupils hardly dared to recite to me; by keeping them at such an awful distance, I failed to form an acquaintance with them, and of course could not adapt my discipline to their different dispositions.

A deep and rapid river ran near the school-house. As many serious accidents had occurred there, I had forbidden my scholars to go into the water, unless under my protection.

One very warm day, as I was about commencing school, two of my best scholars hurriedly entered the room. My attention was attracted to Leighton White, the younger of the two, by the gushing sound of water in his shoes. Turning towards him, I perceived that he was drenched from head to foot.

"Leighton White," said I, sternly, "come up to the platform."

He stepped forward, unabashed.

"Have you been into the river, this morning?" Leighton was an inveterate stammerer; he replied,

"I ha-ha-have, sir."

"Let me explain—let me explain, Mr. Bartlett!" exclaimed Frank Wharton, the other late comer.

"Silence!" thundered I. "No interference; Leighton can speak for himself. Did you fall into the river, or did you go in on purpose?"

"I went in on pur-pur-purpose."

Frank Wharton now made another unsuccessful effort at explanation. I feared to listen, lest from my dislike to inflict punishment, I should relent.

Seizing the rattan and shutting my eyes, I gave the culprit several severe blows.

Tears started to his eyes,—tears, arising, as I thought, from wounded pride, rather than physical suffering.

"Will you apologize for your disobedience?" said I, with my voice exalted to its highest pitch.

"No, sir," replied Leighton, calmly and coldly; for once, speaking without stammering.

I raised the rattan, but before it descended, it was snatched from my grasp by Frank Wharton. A bright flush was on his dark cheek, and his black eyes glowed like fire.

"Mr. Bartlett, you must and shall hear me!" he exclaimed. "I will not see this injustice done to Leighton White. You have punished him for saving your sister's life. She fell from the rocks by the river, and would have been drowned, if Leighton had not rushed into the water, and at the risk of his own life, saved hers."

That moment was the bitterest of my life. As soon as I could command my voice, I said,

"Leighton, can you forgive me?"

"Fre-fre-freely," replied the noble boy, accepting my proffered hand with hearty good-will.

I learned from this sad and mortifying lesson, the necessity of understanding perfectly the character of each individual scholar, and of weighing testimony with scrupulous care, before inflicting punishment. But, that boys need punishment of some kind is a truism, that the most ultra advocate for moral suasion will not pretend to deny.

I noticed one morning that a sudden intimacy had sprung up in a night, between Phil Hart, a sly, deceitful boy, and Harry Perkins, a mischievous, good-natured rogue, as free from deceitfulness as it is possible for a lover of mischief to be.

This mushroom friendship foreboded no good to Harry Perkins.

They passed the recess together, and when they re-entered the school-room their faces were flushed, as from recent exercise. The significant looks that the young rogues exchanged, on taking their seats, were not lost upon me. About half an hour after, a note was handed me, that a messenger had brought to the door.

It was an invitation to take a family dinner with Mr. Goddard, a gentleman who resided about two miles from the school-house.

"A manœuvre for a half holiday," thought I, and laid the note aside.

The school closed at one o'clock.

"Boys," said I, "there is a menagerie in town; you will have an opportunity to see it this afternoon, for I have received an invitation to dine with Mr. Goddard. Philip Hart and Harry Perkins, I shall take you with me to visit my friend; he is very happy to see good boys at his beautiful country-seat."

The selection of these boys for so great a favour, excited surprise among the scholars in general. The wo-begone countenances of the favoured two, were truly ludicrous.

"Come, boys," said I, to Phil and Harry, after the school was dismissed, "let us take a lunch before we go."

The rogues lingered over their luncheon as long as possible; every mouthful seeming to choke them.

At last, when we were about to start, there was a sudden brightening of their rueful faces, as another note was handed in.

I perceived that it was in the same disguised hand as that of the morning, and, suspecting its contents, thrust it into my pocket, saying,

"I cannot stay for anything now; we shall be too late for dinner."

Starting from the door at a brisk pace, the boys followed me with countenances that would have become the hired mourners at an ancient funeral, and I am not sure that lachrymatories would have been entirely useless. Without turning my head, I talked as I went onward, in a lively, familiar manner, occasionally asking a question, which was answered in a dolorous tone. A whispered consultation at length reached my ear, from which I inferred that they were going to face about and make their escape.

"Come, boys," said I, stepping behind them, "you are so much younger than your master, you may try and see if I can keep up with your rapid walking; hurry on, or we shall be too late for dinner."

We were at length in sight of the house, and actually at the gate.

Harry could endure concealment no longer. "Phil Hart, you are a deceitful scamp," he exclaimed; "we ought to confess all."

Without seeming to hear it, I stepped forward, entered the gate, and, determined that the boys should be punished as they deserved, took each by the hand and led them towards the house.

"Please, sir, read the note in your pocket," said Phil, trembling from head to foot.

"Never mind the note," said I, hurrying through the winding path that led to the house.

"But, sir, Harry Perkins wrote that note this morning; Mr. Goddard does not expect you to dinner," said Phil Hart.

"*He wrote it*, the note told its own story; but who planned this piece of deception?"

No answer was given.

"Who planned it?" I repeated in a decided manner, that compelled an answer.

"If you will look at the note in your pocket, you will see that Harry Perkins wrote both the notes," replied the mean-spirited Phil.

"And Philip Hart contrived the whole plan," said I, taking out the note and reading it.

It ran as follows:

"Mr. Goddard regrets that he has *sudenly* got to go to town to-day, and I *canot* have you come to *diner*."

"Harry," said I, "learn to double your consonants, before you attempt another piece of deception."

"Forgive me, Mr. Bartlett," said Harry with true contrition. "I shall never attempt anything of the kind again."

"I believe you, Harry; choose better friends in future; you perceive how an unprincipled boy would lead you into evil, and then desert you, or throw all the blame upon your shoulders. You have my forgiveness, and I trust your sorrowful walk has been a sufficient punishment. As for you, Philip, I cannot grant you a full pardon, until I see proofs of a radical change of character. I consider this as an incipient forgery. You did not write—"

"No, sir, I did not write the notes at all," interrupted Phil.

"Be silent! The act was yours. Harry was the too ready

instrument. I say, such beginnings would lead to the crime of forgery. Beware! or you will end your career within the dark walls of a prison."

My homily made but little impression upon Philip Hart. He had, alas! gone too far in the crooked paths of deceit, and my mournful prophecy was subsequently fulfilled.

Providentially, my scholars were saved from his evil example, by his removal a few weeks after our walk, to a distant part of the country.

The impression made by this walk, upon the mind of Harry Perkins, was deep and lasting. Such modes of punishment I found more successful in reforming offenders, than the most severe flogging.

I had one scholar, who never deserved the slightest punishment.

Albert Tracy possessed a refined and correct taste, a quick perception of the beautiful, and an enthusiastic admiration of the noble and good. Religious truth had sunk deep into his heart, and its all-pervading influence was manifested in his daily life.

He was an orphan, who had been placed with me at an early age by his guardians, with the expectation of remaining under my charge until he entered college.

Albert became the light of my bachelor home, and my old heart clung to him as to an only son. He, in return, lavished upon me an affection warmer and deeper than most boys demonstrate for their parents; when he was absent from school, I not only missed his pleasant face and perfect recitations, but felt my comfort materially diminished. No ready hand relieved me from my hat and cane, after a weary walk; no glass of water, fresh from the spring, was placed upon my desk; no

softened voice and gentle tread, expressed sympathy for the headache which a troubled expression alone betrayed.

Our heart-strings responded to the same touch; the bright tear would sparkle in the dark blue eye of Albert, while my frame thrilled with emotion. Many a merry laugh too, have we enjoyed together; truly the hours spent in his companionship, shine out from the memory of the past, like my best beloved constellations, the glory of the wintry sky.

How will he tame down that soaring spirit to the dull, plodding cares of a profession! What grief will be his, at the sight of wrongs which he cannot redress, and sufferings which he cannot mitigate!

Such were often my reflections, while his eloquent countenance told the story of the noble spirit within.

It was near the close of school term. Themes were to be read aloud at the examination. Anxious, I supposed, to have his composition entirely his own, Albert did not communicate to me the topic he had chosen. Late one evening, he finished his neat, final copy, and, weary with the exertion, he retired to rest.

The morning found him upon the bed of sickness. Three days of acute suffering, borne with uncomplaining patience, brought him to the borders of the grave.

I watched the countenance of the attending physician, and read in its anxious sadness, the doom of my beloved Albert.

As a part of my duty, I had given him religious instruction, but the idea of preparing him for early death, had never entered my mind. How would he bear the announcement that his life was so near its close!

"Albert," said I, endeavouring to command my emotion,

"have you ever thought of the possible termination of your illness."

"In death?" he calmly inquired.

I could not answer.

"Dear Mr. Bartlett, do not grieve for me," he continued. "He who strengthens me to endure my sufferings, has taken away the bitterness of death. I had hoped to honour you by a brilliant career on earth, but, my dear teacher, will not your reward be greater if you have prepared my soul for Heaven?"

Completely unmanned, I could only clasp his thin hand in my own, while he murmured,

"The dear boys!—Tell them good-by—Keep near me—We shall meet again."

The little hand grew cold in mine, and Albert was no more.

Some weeks after the death of my beloved pupil, I summoned resolution to open his little writing-desk. Among his neatly-filed papers, there was one loose sheet. It was his last composition, and entitled,

THE ORPHAN-BOY TO HIS TEACHER.

A FLOWERING plant had drooped and died;—
Close clinging to its root,
The gardener found, still fresh and green,
A tender little shoot.

Left unprotected in the sun,
Its leaves began to fade,
Which erst so rapidly had grown
Beneath the parent shade.

When evening came with gentle dews,
And heat no longer raged,
Its little roots, with careful hand,
The gardener disengaged.

He placed it in a pleasant spot,
Beneath a noble tree,
Which, crowned with verdure, stately rose
In full maturity.

Its pensile leaves were soon refreshed,
Its fragile roots grew firm,
While, folded in the downy bud,
Revived the languid germ.

By passing through the foliage dense,
The sunbeams lost their power;
The beating storms, grown gentle, fell
A sweet refreshing shower.

Unmeet return! The grateful plant
Could only give its love,
Which floated fragrant through the air,
And reached the tree above.

My faithful teacher, dearest friend,—
My guide to truth and joy,—
Thou art that kind and noble tree,—
The plant—your Orphan Boy.

DREAMLAND MELODY.

BY WILLIAM B. HARTWELL.

"The poetry of girlhood." What an absurdity! A man of two-and-twenty, write of the poetry of girlhood! Mine are the most anti-poetical, the most homespun reminiscences possible; teasing a quarter of a dozen frolicsome, romping school-girls, my sisters; frightening their playmates out of the house by all manner of boyish mischief; seeing those same sisters conning over their lessons, and shedding, not pearly drops over rosy cheeks, but showers of salt water over peony faces; shy and awkward, when I wished them to be on their best behaviour before my college cronies, or pert and pretending, when earnestly requested to be quiet and demure.

Besides; I could never see that they were of any possible use. If I happened to want a button sewed on, they were sure to be practising, or gossiping and giggling in a sly corner, with some other unfledged school-girl.

When I found my own fingers too clumsy to execute a complicated, fashionable cravat-tie, not in the "Ticana," they only made my ears tingle with shrill peals of laughter, at what they termed consummate vanity in a *man*, although *they* spent hours in learning a new stitch in crochet or worsted work.

Then, they had such excellent appetites, and were so healthy, not affecting the spirituelle, nor the ethereal, even to please my visiters, some of whom were of the Byronian school. This, however, I can the more readily pardon, as my sisters, happily, were not cognisant of his lordship's peculiarities. Thinking of their healthfulness, reminds me of the time when illness kept me a prisoner for months at home. How kind, how gentle were they, in their sisterly ministrations! How patient, in spite of all my whims and caprices! How self-denying—how forgiving! Indeed, they had much to forgive.

And one,—who was not my sister,—sweet, guileless Ella Wood,—I fear she now remembers me, as I would not wish to be remembered,—brothers are seldom seen to much advantage at home. Yes; Ella was a beautiful girl.

A long revery succeeded, which gently led the way to Dreamland.

Sprites—fair and dark, slender and plump, grave and frolicsome, classical and homelike—were flitting about the green dell. They formed a circle around the elm-tree, at the foot of which I had thrown myself, and, in a kind of musical recitative, to which they kept time with their tiny feet, they uttered the following rhapsody:

I.

Girlhood! Free as air,
Down floats the silken hair;
Unfettered still
As mountain rill,
The bounding footsteps kiss the grass,
And shake the dew-drops as they pass.

II.

Fashion, tyrant sprite!
Avaunt, with shackles tight!
The simple dress
Of girlishness,
As little homage owes to thee,
As lily-bell or forest-bee.

III.

Girlhood! Brightest stage
Of all our pilgrimage!
A sunny hill
Where linger still
The birds, who cheered our childhood's hours,
Now perfect in their vocal powers.

IV.

Here,—from maidenhood,
Sweet pathway to the wood,—
The briar-rose
Its perfume throws;
Its blushing hues inviting smile,
And hidden is the thorn, the while.

V.

Girlhood! Nature's prime!
Life's naïve and frankest time;
When hearts are stirred
By lightest word,

And features fair obey the mind,
As aspen-leaves the summer wind.

VI.

Love, like light and air,
Is lavished everywhere;
On bird and flower,
On book and bower,—
It fills with gladness Learning's dome,
And makes a Paradise of home.

VII.

Girlhood! Heaven-taught!
A cloud with sunbeams wrought!
A crystal vase
For gems of grace!
An angel's harp, to mortals given,
To echo here the songs of Heaven.

BESSIE NEWTON.

BY ALICE G. LEE.

"Light as a bird's were her springing feet;
Her heart as joyous, her song as sweet."

AMELIA WELBY.

BESSIE NEWTON was not fairy-like; she was too robust to deserve that epithet; this was her greatest charm. The warm, rich blood mantled, at a word, her sunny face; perfect health gave brilliancy to her dark eyes, and elasticity to her footsteps; so round, so plump was she, that you would have known at once the country was her home; its pure, delicious air alone can give that Hebe-like beauty. And this was her fourteenth birthday.

It was a most beautiful morning. The trees were nodding to each other, as if rejoicing in the warm sunshine; their fresh green foliage contrasting with the deep blue of the o'erhanging sky, where a few soft clouds floated lazily. A murmur and a ripple stole through the long grass in the meadows, —the robin and the wren poured forth their gladness in song. The heart of Bessie Newton was filled with joy, as she looked forth upon the beautiful earth; joy, unmingled with one shade of sorrow, for the spell of deep thought was not as yet cast

over her. It was enough that the sun shone brightly, and the earth smiled; love, ambition, fear, were all sleeping.

Long may it be, Bessie Newton, ere thy heart awake from the brief, bright dream of girlhood, to the fears and disquieting aspirations of the thoughtful maiden. Life has but beauty for thee now; existence is a blessing. The fresh breeze of spring, bears pleasure from every perfume-laden leaf and flower-cup; the ripple and the dash of the silver streamlet has a careless melody that suits well with thy changeful mood. The summer shower is not more transient than thy grief, and the rainbow of Hope follows ever the storm. The future!—it is no bitter word for thee; the past, the present, are unclouded; why dread a darker sky? But the time will come, gentle girl, when the flowers will be but tokens of pleasures past,—the song of the rivulet seem as a sad and moaning dirge, and the bright tints of Hope will fade, one by one, from the horizon of the future. Then, when Nature hath lost its early power to soothe—when human love has betrayed its trust, leaving thy soul lone and desolate, yearning for companionship and solace,—turn from the world that was once so beautiful, and a more holy faith shall fill thy heart with a heritance of joy, "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

THE FROZEN STAR.

A SNOW-FLAKE left its lofty home,
  In fleecy clouds afar,
And gently dropped upon the ground,
  A perfect little star.

Its tiny points grew thin at first,
  Then melted quite away,
And soon a sullied, shapeless thing,
  The hapless snow-flake lay.

The soul is like that starry flake,
  A thing of heavenly birth,
Its holy beauties fade away,
  Beneath the touch of earth.

ARIA.

COLLEGE HONOURS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Hasten to the goal of fame between the posts of duty,
And win a blessing from the world, that men may love thy name;
Yea, that the unction of its praise in fragrance well-deserving,
May float adown the stream of time, like ambergris at sea."

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

"COME, Reginald, do put down that old book a moment; I want you to climb the tree, and gather some magnolias for the drawing-room vases. Here is Annie with her little basket, to hold them."

"Do not disturb me, Laura," replied the boy thus addressed, who was lying upon the grass under the magnolia tree; "I am learning some passages in Cicero de Senectute, to quote to the old gentleman."

"Snaketuty!" exclaimed the youngest sister; "Is that old book covered with a real snake-skin?"

"How silly!" responded Reginald; "the book is an ancient copy that belonged to our great, great grandfather, of the immortal Cicero, on Old Age; it is bound, as it should be, in parchment; and I wish it had been written upon it. I venerate antiquity."

At this pedantic and pompous speech, the sisters laughed till the tears stood in their bright blue eyes.

"What in the name of the seven wonders of the world are you laughing at?" demanded the angry boy, starting up and throwing the valued book on the ground.

"At your grandiloquent air, Reginald," replied Laura; "and the idea is so droll, of repeating to your own grandpa what you have learned out of a book. Some of the men of old times used to commit set speeches to memory, to say to Queen Elizabeth. Do you remember her reply to the one who said,

> "Most mighty Queen,
> Welcome to Falkenstein?"

"Do you mean to insult me?" fiercely retorted Reginald.

"No, brother, indeed I do not; mamma says grandpa is not an old man, and I thought even a Latin quotation on old age, would not be very complimentary," replied Laura.

"I am sorry he is coming here, for it will spoil all our fun," said Annie.

"Mamma says it will add to our pleasure, Annie; we ought to be very glad he is coming."

"It is very well for you, Miss Laura, to quote what mamma says, on all occasions, but I am out of leading strings. My grandfather is a learned and great man—the Normans have been so from time immemorial,—and I wish to exhibit before him some maturity of mind and manliness of character. But a girl of thirteen cannot appreciate these things."

"I think it quite as much to the purpose for me to quote my own mother's opinions, as for you to repeat passages from Cicero de Senectute, to our grandpa!"

"It is impossible for you to judge what is proper for a man,

who is just about to enter college," said Reginald, picking up the venerable book, and casting an admiring glance at the glossy dress-coat, which ornamented his tall slender person.

"A man of sixteen!" exclaimed Annie, clapping her hands. "A man in his first long coat!"

"The natural inferiority of your sex, shields you from my contempt," said Reginald to Annie; and, turning to Laura, with, "*Au revoir*, Miss Mamma-says," he walked off, with what was intended for a very dignified manner.

Annie whispered to her sister, as he disappeared among the thick shrubbery, "Does he not walk exactly like one of our young turkeys?"

"Hark!" replied Laura, "I hear a carriage coming up the avenue; it must be grandpa. Let us run and tell mamma."

The sisters started off at full speed, and soon reached the mansion of Oakside.

It was the first time that either Mrs. Norman or her children had ever seen the expected guest. She hastened with them to the porch to receive him. As he alighted from the carriage, Reginald placed himself beside his mother, as her protector, the little girls stood trembling on the other side. It was evident that the arrival of Judge Norman was dreaded, even more than it was desired.

His greeting was cordial and affectionate. Mrs. Norman's heart was throbbing with intense emotion, although there was nothing in her manner that indicated the slightest agitation.

The erect person and firm step of Judge Norman, demonstrated the decision of character for which he had been distinguished from boyhood. The lines of thought which had delicately traced themselves about the tightly-closed mouth and high forehead, gave intensity of expression to his counte-

nance without marring it. Although his hair was thinned about the temples, its blackness was only softened by a few silvery tokens of approaching age. His dark eye was still undimmed, although it had occasionally that look of introversion, so frequently seen in men of thoughtful habits. But as every human face is said to be "either a prophecy or a history," the least accurate physiognomist might have read in Judge Norman's, that, although a successful man of the world, he had felt the pangs of disappointment, and been compelled to drink of the waters of affliction.

In the evening, as the family were assembled in the parlour, Judge Norman sat with his eyes intently fixed upon his grandson, who was reading his favourite Cicero, but not on Old Age, —the appearance of his grandfather had dispelled his quotations. Mrs. Norman was busily plying the knitting-needle, and the sisters were amusing themselves with a set of historical cards.

After a long silence, Judge Norman abruptly addressed Reginald: "So, then, you are going to college, boy. What good will a liberal education do you, here, in the retirement of the country?"

Reginald threw one glance from his dark eyes towards his sisters as the word *boy* grated upon his ear, and then replied in the most manly tone.

"There is much attractiveness in an author's fame, and genius is idolized by all. You know what Willis says:

"'Press on!
For it shall make you mighty among men,
And, from the eyrie of your eagle thought,
Ye shall look down on monarchs. O press on!
For the high ones and powerful shall come

To do you reverence, and the beautiful
Will know the purer language of your brow,
And read it like a talisman of love.' "

"A boyish fancy," muttered the judge, "but beautiful."

"Military glory has its charms, too. A victorious general, crowned with well-earned laurels, is as much to be envied as the poet with his bays. Cicero says—"

Annie interrupted Reginald;—laying her dimpled hand upon his shoulder, and looking earnestly in his face, she said, "Do be a soldier, brother; that would be beautiful!"

"A soldier, Annie! you forget the bullets. How can you wish your brother to be a soldier?" inquired Mrs. Norman.

"I should like, myself, to have been Bonaparte."

"You, little Annie! You would like to have been Bonaparte!"

"Yes, indeed, I should, mamma; it would be so nice to have one's likeness everywhere, and to be so admired. The last time I was in town, I saw Bonaparte everywhere. There he stood in the shop-windows, with his arms folded, you know; dear little men, of marble, bronze, plaster, china, and green glass, all of them with the sweet little cocked-hat, the epaulettes, and funny boots. Grandpa, do you not think Bonaparte was a pretty man."

"Do you call the dark thunder-cloud, sending forth its forked lightning, a pretty cloud?"

"Oh, no, it is awful."

"So was Bonaparte, my dear little girl. Reginald, of all ambition, military ambition is the most baseless, the most delusive, and the most uncertain; unless the posthumous glory of a green-glass statue has attractions for you. The cocked-hat, epaulettes, and gold lace, have doubtless been the attrac-

tions to many young soldiers who fell in the first battle. They have as much value in my estimation as any other part of military glory."

"But ambition is a noble passion," retorted Reginald, his large dark eyes "in a fine frenzy rolling." He continued: "I am determined to be distinguished in some way; as a statesman, if it is your wish, sir."

The grandfather took a large seal-ring from his own slender finger, and, placing it upon one of Reginald's, said:

"Let that be the memento of your noble resolution."

"Yes, my son," remarked Mrs. Norman, in a gentle but decided manner, "it is a noble resolution, if you 'noble ends by noble means attain.'"

"You would like to have been Lord Bacon, perhaps."

"Indeed I should, mother: I would toil and labour incessantly to gain such distinction. I call that a noble ambition."

The usually pale face of Mrs. Norman was suffused with a bright colour, and her knitting-needle moved rapidly, as she said,

"The ambition of Bacon was not a noble one, neither were the means to attain it noble. The goal was the seal of the High Chancellor. It glittered high above his reach, like a bright, particular star. How was he to pluck it from the sky? The ladder that reached his heaven, was not filled with angels; its rounds might break beneath his feet. He crept stealthily up, kicking down every obstacle in his way."

"Oh, mother, you are severe upon my Lord Verulam," exclaimed Reginald, laughing.

"Not enough so," replied Mrs. Norman; "I have no words strong enough to express my contempt for Bacon. He

cringed, and bowed, and sued to all in power, with the most servile sycophancy; his adulation to royalty amounted to positive blasphemy. Read his letters to the imperious Elizabeth, stuffed with fulsome flattery, and to James I., with imitative pedantry."

"But please, mother, allow that he was the wisest of mankind," urged Reginald.

"His wisdom was that of the intellect alone," replied the mother. "His mean duplicity and monstrous ingratitude towards his generous friend and patron, the gallant Essex, prove the degradation of his moral nature. His whole career demonstrated an entire destitution of that wisdom from above, which is pure, peaceable, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy."

"And did he get to be Lord Chancellor?" inquired Laura.

"He did; by concentrating all the power of a mighty intellect upon that one object; and the use that he made of his office, was such as might have been expected from the manner in which he obtained it. Do you think, Reginald, that his life was a happy one?"

"It was a glorious one," was the reply.

"And his fall, was that glorious? Happier had it been for him and for the world, had Bacon, in some quiet village, cultivated himself the philosophy, and practised the wisdom that he so ably taught to others."

II.

Two years and more had elapsed since the grandfather's visit to Oakside. Reginald was in his junior year at college.

"I pity the poor plodding dunces whose books are glued to their hands from morning to night, and night to morning," said Reginald to his *chum*. "I am determined to taste Hyblean sweets, as well as Pierian waters."

"But do you not fear that Paul Winsor will gain the first appointment?"

"Not in the least; I would shoot myself if such a working-man could distance me in the race. Not that I care for a college honour; but I will not play second fiddle any where."

"You have many competitors."

"The many fail, the one succeeds," proudly responded Reginald Norman.

"Your success in society exceeds your popularity in the class; half the young ladies in town are in love with you," continued Mason Morton,—a contemptible variety of the species toady.

"A random shot occasionally rings upon my invulnerable armour," responded Reginald, giving a glance at his very handsome head, in the small looking-glass that stood upon his study table, and running his taper fingers through the dark chestnut curls.

Equally desirous to maintain the reputation of "a capital fellow," among his classmates, he mingled with them as boon companion, his sparkling wit giving zest to their gay circles.

"He never studies! What uncommon genius Norman has, to give such recitations;" was often remarked by those classmates. But this apparent neglect of study was a mere stratagem. The flickering lamp often blended its expiring light with the first rays of morning, while Reginald's slender person was still bending over a Greek classic, or a mathematical

problem. Night after night, was thus devoted to intense application, after days of idleness.

The examination of the class was over, the junior appointments out, and Reginald Norman had received the first honour; Paul Winsor the second.

III.

It was the close of a day in early spring-time; the sky had that bright clear blue, that contrasts so beautifully with the softened brown of the budding trees.

A young man might have been seen, making rapid headway over a turnpike road, through a country whose picturesque beauty has not yet been marred by modern improvements.

His strides were as regular as the strokes of a steam engine, and progression was effected without relaxation, or apparent fatigue, mile after mile.

Under the left arm, the young man carried a small portmanteau; the large walking-stick in his right hand, if it did not facilitate his progress, gave the same kind of encouragement to the pedestrian, as the velocipede does to the juvenile equestrian, who performs a ride upon that labour-inciting machine.

It was Paul Winsor who thus pursued his journey. The fresh hue of youth glowed upon a countenance to which intellect and resoluteness of purpose gave manliness of expression; and the fearlessness of his clear blue eye was the exponent of a quiet conscience.

This primitive mode of travelling had its pleasures to a genuine lover of nature; the boundless cope of heaven, and the

"unchartered" horizon, harmonized with the free, independent spirit of the youthful traveller.

With a quickened pace he mounted a hill, behind which the sun had just retired, and stood upon the top, leaning for a moment upon his stout walking-stick. The magnificent sunset of a mountainous country was before him; he cast an admiring glance at the clouds in their regal array of gold and purple, then his eye rested upon the valley, and sought there one humble, white cottage; his face was radiant with joy, and his lips articulated the thankfulness that glowed in his heart, as he saw the smoke gracefully curling upward from its single chimney.

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad,
"But absent years from one another,
Great was the longing that I had,
To see my mother."

And he stood by the door of the cottage, and with trembling hand, lifted the latch.

"Mother!"

"My son!" and the arms of his mother were tightly clasped around the neck of her only child.

"And your health, how is it," eagerly inquired Paul Winsor, as he seated his widowed parent in the cushioned chair by the fireside. She replied that it was better than usual; but as the flush of joy died away, he perceived that her countenance had the paleness and sadness that had long been habitual.

"And are you quite alone, mother?"

"Oh no, Miriam is with me; the child has gone to gather some fresh violets in the wood just by; she remembered that you loved them, though I had forgotten it. I do not believe

she will know you, Paul; five years have made a wonderful change—stand up; you are as tall as your dear father was—he lacked but half an inch of six feet."

While Winsor was standing, Miriam entered with a basket of violets in one hand and a sun-bonnet in the other.

For a moment he looked at "the lovely apparition" in doubt. The doubt was mutual.

"Miriam, is it possible!" questioned the young student.

"Mr. Winsor! Your violets," said she, placing the basket in his hands.

"You do not seem glad to see Miriam, my son; she has been as kind to me as an own daughter," said the mother, half reproachfully.

Paul reseated himself by his mother's side, and with his eyes still fixed upon the other inmate of the cottage, took a violet from the basket, and inhaling the perfume, said in an embarrassed, half-awkward manner, "This flower is redolent of home."

Miriam went to put away her bonnet, and perhaps to arrange the natural curls that had been blown about her face by the wind.

For five years, Paul Winsor had supported his widowed mother by his own exertions, and at the same time pursued his studies. This he did, by keeping school during the vacations, and three months beside, every year. During this time, he found literary employment that was lucrative, and yet with all this accumulation of labour, he had retained cheerfulness and health.

Miriam Merwin was the orphan daughter of a deceased clergyman; her small patrimony was yet sufficient to have afforded her a better abode than the humble one she preferred,

because she could there bestow care and affectionate kindness upon one whom she loved.

"And Dinah, how is she?" inquired Paul.

"Come to speak for herself," replied an old coloured woman, hobbling into the room; "a poor sinner, scrabbling through the world; *rheumatiz* in one leg, and old age all over."

Paul grasped the hard black hand of the old servant. Was she hurt? The tears certainly sparkled down her dark cheeks, as he said, warmly, "God bless you, Dinah, for your faithfulness to my mother."

As she spread the snow-white table-cloth, he remarked, "You are able to work still."

"Not much," she replied; "*our* Miriam keeps everything in prime order. My gracious! what a great strapping fellow you are, Paul; if you had stayed away a year or two longer, your own mother would not have known you from Adam."

As Miriam entered the room, Dinah whispered most audibly in her ear, "Shall I put on our best cups and saucers?"

"Don't treat me like a stranger, Dinah," said Paul.

"That is just as Miriam says; she always tells me what to do when the young gentlemen come."

"So, then, Dinah, you have gentlemen visiters sometimes?"

"Ask Miriam," said Dinah, with a familiar wink at the blushing girl.

"I think your tea-kettle boils, Dinah," said she, and the old, petted servant left the room.

Long after Miriam had retired that night, the mother and son sat by the bright coals of a wood fire, and talked over the past with saddened, yet grateful hearts. He was second in college, notwithstanding all the extra labours he had per-

formed; and the coming year would be able to devote himself more closely to his collegiate course.

"Thank God, my son, that you have been enabled to do all this from a sense of duty,—that no vain-glorious ambition has prompted your endeavours. It is late; let me join you in prayer."

The mother and son knelt before God; and the earnest breathings of a soul in communion with its Maker, were uttered by the young student.

A few weeks were passed in quiet enjoyment at the cottage, —not so very quiet either, for anxieties, doubts, and fears, haunted the humble apartments. Are they not often the tormentors of a first love? Theirs was the first love of two hearts unsullied by the world, and the whole train of tormentors were soon expelled. The faith of Paul and Miriam was plighted, with the blessing of their best earthly friend upon their betrothal.

Winsor returned to college with a stronger incentive to exertion than ever.

IV.

Reginald Norman was paying a visit to his grandfather in the city.

Judge Norman had too much pride of character to consider wealth as adding to his importance. He owed his elevation to birth and talents; he despised, abhorred the purse-proud, yet he liked the means and appliances that wealth procures, and had surrounded himself with all that could gratify the most exquisite taste. Great was his joy and exultation on

learning that Reginald had received the first honour of the class. Directly he sent for him to pay him a visit.

At a dinner-party, the day after his arrival, Reginald was presented to a circle of his grandfather's friends. His self-esteem carried him safely through the ordeal to which he was subjected. The magnates more than forgave the boldness of the lad, and prophesied the same success in life as had hitherto distinguished his collegiate course.

A few weeks had passed away in the city, and Reginald's visit was near its close; he sat in the splendid library of his grandfather, writing a letter.

"You are writing to Mrs. Norman?"

"I am, sir."

"No doubt she taught you to consider me a harsh, tyrannical old fellow?"

"Never, sir; she taught me to respect my grandfather."

"That is strange."

Reginald was sorely puzzled.

"Has she never told you that I disowned your father, for marrying contrary to my advice?"

"How can you suspect her of such a falsehood?"

"It is the truth. He thwarted my plans by marrying a rich heiress, and I never forgave him. He had a glorious mind—talents that would have carried him to the highest place our country has to offer, but he lost his ambition, or rather it was merged in a stronger passion. I never saw him after his marriage. Reginald, you are now the sole representative of the Norman family; you possess hereditary talent, and will, I trust, add new lustre to the name. Hitherto, you have been successful in college; if you win the first honour of the Senior Class, I will give you twenty thousand dollars, to

enable you to travel for two years in company with a tutor. I wish you to study mankind, that you may be prepared for the rough encounter of political strife."

"Thank you, sir; it shall be as you wish."

"The prize is not yet won—the goal is still distant."

"The many strive, the one succeeds," said Reginald, in his usual proud tone.

"I have left you in my will, this library, and nothing more; the remainder of my fortune I have bequeathed to a distant relative. You have too much wealth already."

Reginald Norman needed no stronger stimulus to exertion than the burning ambition in his own bosom.

V.

On his return to college, Norman still craved all the honours of a carpet-knight. His taste—in music, in oratory, in dress, —was the standard in college and out. To be the leader of ton in college, or elsewhere, requires time, thought, and the sacrifice of higher and better things. Many an hour was spent by Reginald in consultation with the *artists* who arrayed his handsome person, which he had to retrieve before the midnight lamp.

The year passed on; the time had arrived for the college appointments. The students were allowed to vote for the appointees. Eager canvassing went on; party spirit ran high; the two candidates for the valedictory, the highest honour, Norman and Winsor, were so nearly equal, that it was impossible to conjecture who would receive the largest number of votes.

A cluster of eager talkers had gathered under one of the large elms on the college grounds.

"I say, I shall vote for Norman; he is the man, or rather the gentleman, for me," said Mason Morton, casting a complacent glance at the gay vest which he thought himself happy to have purchased, like one which Norman had worn,—to be laid aside, since it had thus lost caste.

"Why do you vote for Norman?"

"Because he will make an elegant, fashionable appearance," replied Mason.

"I thought, 'no man was a hero to his *valet de chambre*.'"

"Is that intended for an insult, Tompkins?" demanded Mason, setting his arms akimbo, so as to display the full glory of the new vest.

"I merely quoted a proverb; if you find the coat fits, you can put it on," replied Tompkins, fixing his eyes upon the splendid vest.

"You belong to the democracy," retorted Mason, contemptuously, "I am of the aristocracy."

"A true democracy rules our college, for we all have equal rights; but here, as elsewhere, there is an aristocracy of talent, which cannot be put down by the mob!"

"Do you mean to say, Tompkins, that Norman has not as much talent as plodding Winsor?" demanded another of the Norman partisans.

"He may have more wildfire-genius than Paul Winsor, but he does not deserve the valedictory for that. Winsor is a strong man, a splendid mathematician, a capital linguist, and an elegant writer."

"But as awkward a speaker as if he had swung a flail all the days of his life."

"No doubt he has," responded Mason Morton.

"Nobody minds your opinions, Mason; you can adopt them as easily as you do other cast-offs," replied Tompkins.

"I am as independent in my opinions as in my dress," angrily replied the toady.

"Precisely," said Tompkins, with a sneer.

Other students now joined the caucus under the tree, and words had nearly come to blows, when a dispersion was effected by the ringing of the prayer-bell.

The votes of the class had all been given in, and intense anxiety filled each beating heart. Never, in after life, when more momentous results are at stake, can deeper interest be felt,—never can an honour be more eagerly sought than this, the first goal of ambition, when the ardour, the fiery impetuosity of youth, has not been quelled by disappointment.

The appointments were to be made known at midnight. The mysterious roll was to be thrust out of the tutor's door.

It was seized by an eager hand, and read aloud to a mob of open-mouthed listeners.

The votes of the class stood—for Reginald Norman, fifty-two; for Paul Winsor, forty-nine. The old walls of the college rang with three cheers from Norman's partisans.

As soon as the noise subsided, the reader went on to announce the appointments by the Faculty. Paul Winsor, the first appointment, the valedictory; Reginald Norman, an English oration.

The startled sleepers in the town were awakened, as the thunders of three times three arose from the stout partisans of Paul Winsor.

One stern principle had actuated Winsor,—a simple, effective principle. It has not the high-sounding name of ambition

—no halo of earthly glory surrounds it—homely it may seem, for it is applicable to all times and circumstances,—yet it gives unity of purpose, and dignity to every action—Duty. Duty to God and man. Ambition implies self-aggrandizement; Duty, self-renunciation. Ambition, having a worldly object to attain, when that is reached, "Alps on Alps arise;" Duty "is new every morning, and fresh every evening;" its motto is—

"Act in the *living present*—
Heart within and God o'er head."

VI.

When Mason announced the unexpected result of the appointments to Norman, the anger of the amazed student was fearful. He raged like a young tiger; wild threats of revenge upon his rival were muttered between his closed teeth.

"But look here, Norman," said Mason; "you still can prove to the audience at Commencement, that you richly deserved the first honour. You know you can write a better oration than Paul Winsor, and your eloquence, your splendid elocution, must of course win a fashionable assembly."

Partially quieted by this suggestion, hope revived in the bosom of the disappointed Reginald. He had lost the twenty thousand and the tour of Europe, but he would show the world that he was an injured man.

His conscience might have told him that his gaiety had become dissipation, and a decline in his standing in the class had been the consequence.

To retain popularity among his partisans, and to deaden the

pangs of disappointed ambition, Reginald drank still more deeply of the intoxicating cup of pleasure.

A fortnight before the Commencement, he was seized with brain fever. For a whole week, his recovery was doubtful. His ravings were horrible. Cursings and imprecations were, in his delirium, showered upon his rival. And there was Paul Winsor to hear them, watching by the bedside of the invalid, and ministering to his wants with the gentleness of a sister.

A week had thus passed, without one hour of quietness, when the exhausted Norman at length fell asleep. This sleep might terminate in death, or be the crisis of the disorder.

Paul watched him alone that night with breathless anxiety. Towards morning, he awoke, calm and rational, but too feeble to speak; he motioned for water, and Paul placed the cooling draught to his lips. Not a word was spoken. All the succeeding day, Winsor continued with him, and yet he made no effort to speak. As Winsor was about to leave him, at evening prayer-time, he carefully gave the directions of the physician to a nurse who had been procured.

Norman extended his emaciated hand. "Winsor," said he, "how kind you are! None but a Christian could have done as you have. I shall not recover; forgive and pray for me. And, Winsor," continued he, slipping a large seal-ring from his thin finger, "send this to my grandfather, and tell him that the honours of this world will not prepare a soul for Heaven."

VII.

The day of the Commencement had arrived. Reginald Norman was still a prisoner to disease, although his life was no longer in danger.

A gentle tap was heard at the door, and a quick but faint "come in" followed.

The door opened, and Paul Winsor entered in his every-day garb.

"Good morning, Reginald; the doctor says you may take ices, and I have brought you one."

"Does he! How refreshing!" said Reginald, eagerly tasting the iced sherbet that Paul placed before him. After taking nearly all of it, he left off abruptly, saying, "I fancied that it was Commencement to-day; but you are not in holiday-trim, Paul."

Winsor did not reply.

"Yes, it is the day—I know it," continued Reginald. "I have one great favour to ask;—will you grant it?"

"What is it?"

"Will you read my oration on the stage. I know the Faculty will give you permission."

"Not I! You know I have none of the graces of oratory, and I should not do it justice."

"There it is, in my portfolio. I must insist upon this, although I know it is a weakness."

Paul handed the invalid the oration. It was written on the most delicate note-paper, and tied with a blue riband. "The Genius that brooks no Obstacles," was the title.

Reginald looked it over a moment, and, dashing a tear from his eye, handed it to Paul, saying, "God interposes obstacles, when he sees that it is for our good."

Paul could not refuse a request thus urged.

In a brief but touching manner, he alluded to the illness of his friend, before reading the finished and elegant oration, to the large and brilliant assembly of the College Commencement.

It seemed as if by some magical Mesmerism, the spirit of Reginald Norman had been transfused into Paul Winsor, for never before had he been so eloquent; even his manner became graceful, while he read the flowing periods of his talented rival.

The various "exercises" of the day were all over, excepting the last; and the stir, the general excitement, demonstrated the interest of the audience in the valedictorian. Winsor ascended the platform with much less ease than he had done in the morning, but as he went on, his awkwardness gave place to confidence, and he pronounced an eloquent oration, on "Man's Responsibility to his Country and to God."

As he turned to the class to address them, he remembered that the majority of their votes had been given to another, and yielding to a spontaneous impulse, he pronounced a glowing eulogium upon the genius of their chosen orator, and then gave the valedictory address.

Not a single member of the class walked out of the gallery that day, without acknowledging that Winsor was the "noblest Roman of them all."

There was another, a stranger, who stood ready to greet him, as he passed out of the door of the church, after the degrees had been conferred. It was Judge Norman. He took Winsor by the arm, and walked with him across the public square to the rooms of his convalescent grandson.

He had received the news of Reginald's illness, and had arrived in town that morning. After explaining this to Winsor, he continued,

"Nothing could have atoned to me for Reginald's loss of the first honour, but finding you so worthy of it. Will you go with him as his tutor, and travel with him for two years?"

Paul was silent for a moment with surprise, and then replied, "I am but a year or two older than Reginald, and, in many things, he is my superior."

"You have stability and force of character; you have won his affections, and can control him by your example. His health requires the journey—will you go with him?"

Paul hesitated. "I must consult my mother."

"Your salary shall be paid in advance."

"Thank you, sir; yet I must consult my friends."

"Well, let us hasten to the poor sick boy. He insisted that I should leave him, to hear your oration; and that has confirmed the good opinion which Reginald was all day striving to give me of yourself."

"Then it is his own request?"

"To be sure it is; and I am now as anxious as he is, that you should be his travelling companion, if you will not call yourself his tutor."

Paul Winsor's impatience to reach home, would not, at this time, brook the delay of a pedestrian excursion.

There were affectionate greetings, followed by wonderings and debatings, on his arrival at the cottage.

"And why should you leave us, to see foreign lands?" asked the mother.

And the question was repeated, not in words, but by the tearful eyes of the betrothed Miriam.

"I think it is a duty that I owe my friend. Besides, I may gain that wisdom by observation, which will enable me more successfully to discharge the office of a Christian minister, and, at the same time, I shall have ample means for your support, my dear mother."

"And how soon must you leave us?"

"In a month from this time."

"Well, my son, God bless and reward you for all that you have done for your widowed mother. I consent; what do you say, Miriam?"

The blushing girl whispered in her ear, "I will stay with you, and prepare myself for the duties of the wife of a Christian minister."

THE INSANE GIRL.

BY FANNIE OF FARLEIGH.

I.

With reason unblest,
In weary unrest,
She drags out her day;
None thinketh much of her,
And from the touch of her,
All shrink away.

II.

Kindred humanities,
With their profanities,
Circle her round;
Frenzied, she standeth there,
Shrieking, in mad despair,
Howling; chain-bound.

III.

Grim faces haunting her,
Rude voices taunting her,

Ever she hears;
E'en when the shadow thrown
On the wall is her own,
Strangely she fears.

IV.

When the night hours come,
How do they throng her room;
Those shapes of dread,
Gliding fantastic there
In her cell—everywhere—
Over her head.

V.

Gibing and jeering her—
Mocking and leering her,
With demon eyes;
While as appalled with dread,
Chained to that iron bed,
Helpless she lies.

VI.

Madly she shrieks again!—
Madly she clanks her chain!—
Oh! should this be?
Let loose the fetters there;
Think ye her brain can bear
More misery!

VII.

Deem ye her heart is steel?
Or that she cannot feel
Kind words and true?
Tho' her soul's voice be dumb,
One day it may become
Witness 'gainst you.

VIII.

Hear ye that wretched moan?
Ah! leave her not alone
In the dread dark.
Tho' an extinguished flame,
Love may relight again
Reason's dull spark.

IX.

Give her more room and air!
Let her hear words of prayer,
Take off her chain;
Bring flowers to her bed,
Prop up her weary head,
Poor girl—insane!

X.

Let music unawares,
When her eye wildly glares,

Soothe and delight;
Calming her wildered brain,
Lulling, like drops of rain
Falling at night.

XI.

If she has fancies strange,
Seek not by force to change
Her mood of mind;
Lead her all-gently back,—
She hath but missed the track,—
Her eyes are blind.

XII.

Tell her that God above
Gives her the boon of love,
As to us all.
That if a sparrow dies,
Noteth His watchful eyes,
Even its fall.

XIII.

Tell her that angels keep
Bright watch o'er her sleep,
In the dark hours;
Whisper, a fairy dwells
In the cups and the bells
Of the fresh flowers.

XIV.

Thus star her world of night,
People, with spirits bright,
Nature to her;
So shall ye drive away
Imp and dark fiend for aye!
So shall ye stir,

XV.

Memory of things past,
Till the right chord at last
Vibrates again,
Till the links fitting tight,
Once more reunite
In her life's chain.

THE WHITE HAND.

My dear little lady, that very white hand,
Which fondly you cherish, with sorrow I scann'd;
I knew by its fairness, and baby-like skin,
A stranger to labour it ever had been.
It sweeps o'er the harp with a magical sway,
And nimbly can move in bewitching *crochet;*
Employments like these, tho' they give you delight,
Are poor preparations for Poverty's night.
Could you hem a cravat, or gather a skirt,
Or stitch round a collar, or cut out a shirt?—
Have you yet attempted to handle a broom,
To wash up the tea-cups, or dust out a room;
To stir up a pudding, or roll out a pie,
To season a sauce, or marketing buy?—
Though these occupations for you are quite new,
For delicate hands there is something to do;
The brow of the suff'rer they softly can bathe,
The limb of the wounded they gently can swathe;
The child and the aged can tenderly lead,
And give the relief that the indigent need;
The tears they can wipe of affliction and care,
And fervently clasped, be uplifted in prayer.

THE WIDOWER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. L. C. TUTHILL.

"Maiden! with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies!
Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet!
Womanhood and childhood fleet!
Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!"

LONGFELLOW.

It was determined that Ruth Eaton should be neither romantic nor sentimental.

Not a stray fairy was allowed to peep into a sly corner of the nursery at Stanville Hall. The redoubtable "Jack the Giant Killer," and the fascinating "Hop-o'-my-Thumb," were names forbidden to be syllabled there; even the classic "Mother Goose," was under the ban. Poetry and Imagination! Interlopers in a temple dedicated to utility and common sense!

The mother of Ruth Eaton had been considered by her high-born and wealthy family, romantic and sentimental; for she had returned the love of a poor clergyman from the

United States, and married him, leaving her splendid English home, to dwell in a foreign land with the man of her choice.

Only one bright and blissful year of wedded life was granted to this pair, whom truly scriptural bonds had united. Love, strong as human heart could feel, on the part of the husband; love and profound reverence on the weaker side. Yet, with a fond and natural yearning for her native land, Mrs. Eaton requested, in her last moments, that her infant, then only a month old, should, when three years of age, be sent to her brother in England, to receive an English education.

It was tearing open wounds that had not yet healed, when the Rev. Mr. Eaton suffered a second bereavement by parting with his little Ruth; but the slightest request of his departed wife, was sacred to the sorrowing husband. His house was, indeed, left to him desolate, when he sent from him his lovely little girl, with her faithful nurse.

Mrs. Collins and Ruth arrived safely in England, and were kindly received by the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Stanville, at Stanville Hall. They had no children of their own, and were charmed with the opportunity thus offered of testing their system of education. That system, as has been *hinted*, was the anti-romantic. Beautiful it was hoped Ruth Eaton would be, intellectual perhaps, graceful and well-bred of course, and if she should happen to become proud, worldly, cunning, why, how could they help it? They need not try, for such things would happen in families of distinction.

The care and culture of the child,—physical, mental, and moral,—were left entirely to her nurse, Mrs. Collins, until she had attained her seventh year, with the strict prohibitions that have been mentioned. Nurse Collins had two standards of

opinion and action; the first, as expressed in her own words, was, "the Bible says so;" the second, "they do so in Boston."

There was one person at Stanville Hall to whom Mrs. Collins could dilate, to her heart's content, on her own beloved country; that person was her little Ruth. To a woman of her education,—the common-school education of New England,—the society and conversation of the servants at Stanville Hall seemed low and disgusting; and, as she had not the gift of silence, she talked all the more to her bright little charge.

Ruth never tired of the stories which nurse related. No knight-errant of chivalry ever dazzled the youthful imagination and won the youthful heart, as did the hero whom Mrs. Collins portrayed to the imagination and heart of Ruth Eaton, —that hero,—*sans peur et sans reproche*,—was Washington.

The story of St. George and the Dragon was never told to juvenile listener with more thrilling eloquence, than the nurse imparted to the adventure of General Putnam and the wolf. Moreover, the memory of the nurse was so well stored with the legends of her native land, that she could relate as many stories as the immortal Schezerade.

Ruth was nearly seven years of age when she was transferred from the affectionate, earnest teaching of the good nurse, to a reverend tutor, as awkward and as learned as Dominie Sampson, but less kind and gentle than that simple-hearted individual. His harshness and severity had, in fact, recommended him to Mr. Stanville, and given him the comfortable home and salary that he now enjoyed. He was perfectly willing to carry out, to the full extent, the favourite system which had been devised by the worldly wisdom of his honourable employers.

There was no tendency to sentiment in the Rev. Martin Bradstreet:

> "A primrose on the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

The mind of Ruth Eaton had expanded freely and naturally, and, of course, healthfully; besides, it was a well-organized mind. In a school, or even with partial parents, she might have been called talented, or a genius; happily, she never heard anything of the kind suggested.

Ruth learned her lessons thoroughly, and recited them with promptness. Mr. Bradstreet went through with them mechanically, and never, in the course of seven whole years, did he utter a word to his pupil on any other topic than that which was contained in the daily lessons. He served the purpose of bringing out the knowledge she acquired, in the same manner as the black-board; indeed, as he always sat precisely in the same spot in the library, and wore the same sombre suit, he seemed to Ruth a living black-board.

At the age of fourteen, she was to pass from under his rigid rule, into the polishing hands of a French governess. The task of refining and polishing, was to be effected without softening the material. Of course, much care was taken to procure a lady who could accomplish this difficult task. A venerable personage of *l'ancien régime* was at length obtained, —a world-worn veteran, whose maxims would have delighted Chesterfield and Rochéfoucault.

The black-board was changed for a garrulous parrot, whose opinions were as foreign to Ruth as the language in which they were uttered.

At eighteen, Ruth Eaton was considered sufficiently learned and accomplished to be emancipated from tasks and stocks, tutor and governess,—her education completely finished.

The sweet companionship of children of her own age had been denied her; nor had she enjoyed the still more charming intercourse of girlhood. No parental communion from day to day called forth her warm affections.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanville were brilliant petrifactions in the world of fashion; that was the universe to them; and they were contented so long as they maintained a conspicuous place among their fellow stalactites and stalagmites.

And Ruth, she knew nothing as yet of that dazzling world, for which the chosen system of education was to prepare her. She had her small sphere of duty, where she fulfilled all that was required of her, and she had her own dear, delightful inner world, into which she could retire and reign, undisputed sovereign. There, she revelled in the creations of her own bright fancy. The flowers, the trees, the clouds, the stars, had been her bosom friends and teachers,—

"Prompters to her dreams of heaven."

The harshness and coldness of her outer life had not repressed the God-given sense of the beautiful, the deep, earnest longings of her soul, for the true and the good.

Ruth Eaton was, in the highest and noblest sense of that much-abused term, romantic. That is, she revolted from the dull earthliness of every-day life, as it was exhibited in the family of her uncle, and yearned after a life more spiritual and beautiful. She craved a resting-place for love—boundless scope for sentiment and imagination—freedom to act nobly—sympathy with humanity.

Books of poetry had been denied her, but God's Creation to her was written all over, in a richer language than that of immortal bards.

She had grown, like a plant without dew and sunshine, which, in some mysterious way, has remained pure and fresh, as if nourished by the most genial influences of sun and sky. The poetry of one book, however, she had richly enjoyed,—the inspired poetry of the Bible. Her first tears of sensibility had been shed over the story of Joseph; the first glow of enthusiasm in her heart, had been kindled by the disinterested love of Jonathan for the successor to his father's throne,—the youthful David.

Among her heroines, were the beautiful Rachel, the valorous Deborah, and her own sweet namesake,—the affectionate Ruth.

The village church, with its lofty columns, its fretted vault, and storied windows, its pealing organ and sacred hymns, its solemn rites and sublime liturgy, had excited her imagination and moved her heart, and Ruth was a sincere worshipper.

The Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Stanville had contented themselves with forming a system, and leaving others to carry it into effect; they knew nothing as yet of the result. They saw that she was graceful as the fawns that bounded through the park, that her manners were refined and delicate, and that her countenance was beautiful, and they valued and admired her, much as they did the pictures that their own taste had selected and their own money had purchased;—they felt pride and self-gratulation, without affection.

But the time had arrived when Ruth was to be presented to their world. She was to be brought out first at Stanville Hall,

where a large number of their *friends* were to pass a few weeks of the summer; and the coming winter, in London.

Confident of the success of their own wise forethought, Mr. and Mrs. Stanville had often spoken of their niece, as a well-behaved, nice person,—an exceedingly discreet young lady.

Before the crowd of fashionable visiters who had met at Stanville Hall, Ruth was calm and reserved; they too were reserved and distant; there was no congeniality between them. They knew not why, but they felt that she was not of them.

They criticised her person, her air, her voice, her musical execution, and pronounced her, *comme il faut*, yet they whispered among themselves, that she was "slightly peculiar,"—a stigma upon a denizen of the fashionable world, where all, to pass as coin of the realm, must bear the same stamp and superscription.

After breakfast one morning, Ruth left the gossip of the drawing-room, to enjoy a quiet hour by herself. She sought one of her favourite haunts, and seated herself upon a rustic bench beneath the wide shadow of a venerable oak.

And there sat the matter-of-fact Miss Eaton, looking like the living impersonation of romance;—her hair loosened from the comb, whose task of confining it had been so recently begun, that it seemed not yet to have acquired the habit; her head resting on one bended arm, and a book upon the bench, over which she was leaning.

She was startled from this attitude,—the perfect repose of which would have charmed a painter,—startled, by the inquiry:

"Does Miss Eaton prefer reading and solitude, to conversation and society?"

She looked up, and saw by her side, a tall gentleman,

whose lofty forehead, that tell-tale Time had labelled with unmistakeable lines—tokens of deep thought rather than advanced years.

Ruth replied to the question with perfect simplicity and truthfulness,

"I do, sir."

"Then I ought to apologize for intruding upon you, and leave you to your own enjoyment; but pardon me if I first inquire what new novel robs us of your sweet society?"

"I have never read a novel, sir."

"Never read a novel! Yes, yes, I remember now the favourite anti-romantic system of education that was devised by your relatives. Perhaps by this time they allow you to read poetry. Is it so?"

"This is an ancient book of poetry and history," replied Ruth, with a smile.

"The Iliad?"

"The Bible."

"The Bible!" exclaimed the gentleman, with a start of surprise, quite too perceptible for one who was considered perfectly well-bred. "The Bible! Pardon me, Miss Eaton; are you not a little peculiar in your taste?"

"I was not aware of any peculiarity in my taste; I thought everybody read and admired the Bible."

"Young ladies seldom steal away from the gay and the gifted, to read it alone. You are, however, I believe, on one side, descended from the Puritans, and may have inherited from them this singular taste."

"I am by birth a native of New England, and I love my country. Unfortunately, I left it too early to remember anything distinctly about it, but, for several years, I have corre-

sponded with my father, and my nurse is a Massachusetts woman."

"A real Indian woman!—A squaw!"

"Oh, no, sir! A white woman from Boston, in Massachusetts; a town of which most Englishmen have heard. My good nurse left her home to come with me to this country; and, as she dearly loves her native land, she has not allowed me to forget it. For two of the greatest pleasures of my life, I am indebted to her,—an intimate acquaintance with the Bible, and a just appreciation of the country of my excellent father."

"You astonish me, Miss Eaton; your nurse can be no common person."

"Mrs. Collins is a strong-minded, warm-hearted woman; she is as familiar with the history of the United States, as Lord Brougham is with the history of Great Britain."

"And poetry has been entirely prohibited in the course of your education! You know nothing of it excepting from the Bible?"

"Is there not poetry everywhere? The waving of a branch, or the rustling of a leaf, may fill the mind with poetic thought."

"But books of poetry?"

"I have read Pope's Essay on Man, Cowper's Task, the Paradise Regained, and a few other poems. Besides, my father has occasionally sent me fugitive pieces of poetry, written by his fellow-countrymen."

"American poetry! That must be verse of a monstrously mechanical manufacture. What does it sound like?"

"It sounds like this," said Ruth, her cheeks flushing with enthusiasm, and her eyes kindling with the fervour of patriotic

feeling, as she repeated Whittier's beautiful lines on New England:

"Land of the forest and the rock—
Of dark-blue lake and mighty river—
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock—
My own green land for ever!
Land of the beautiful and brave—
The freeman's home, the martyr's grave—
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have linked with every glen,
And every hill, and every stream,
The romance of some warrior-dream!
O! never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood like a dream of love—
The stream beneath the green hill flowing—
The broad-armed trees above it growing—
The clear breeze through the foliage blowing;
Or hear, unmoved, the taunt of scorn
Breathed o'er the brave New England born."

"You are a dangerous young rebel, Miss Eaton; you would almost make me turn traitor to my country, and acknowledge that there can be English poetry not written by an Englishman. But there comes your honourable uncle; no doubt seeking for his truant niece."

Ruth immediately stepped forward to meet him, saying, in a quiet, subdued tone, "Did you take the trouble to look after me, Uncle Stanville?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Balmley," said he, turning to the tall gentleman, "I did not know that you were with Miss Eaton. Mrs. Stanville has been wondering why she left the drawing-room."

"It was so stupid there, I glided out of the house to pass an hour or two under my favourite tree, alone." Ruth gave a marked emphasis to the last word.

"Favourite tree!" exclaimed Mr. Stanville. "Young ladies should not have favourite trees."

"How can they help it, sir? Trees are not all alike; some are far more picturesque and beautiful than others. Look at that noble monarch of the woods," continued Ruth, turning and pointing to the tree under which she had been sitting; "I fancy that the Druids might have worshipped there; and I render it a kind of homage, that is not, I trust, unchristian."

The amazed Mr. Stanville! His countenance bore ludicrous testimony to his amazement; but Mr. Balmley, seeming not to notice it, said:

"And you love solitary walks, Miss Eaton, and enjoy poetry and sentiment, and, above all, admire New England and the Bible?"

"A strange category!" replied Ruth, "and yet I like them all; they are things which one would never dream of not liking. Could one live without loving all beautiful things?"

"Ruth Eaton, are you beside yourself?—Absolutely demented?" demanded Mr. Stanville, in an angry tone.

"What have I done?" exclaimed the bewildered, unconscious Ruth.

"Spoken like a silly, sentimental young girl," was the reply.

"Forgive me, sir, if I have offended you; I *am* young and foolish; time will remedy one fault, and perhaps it may the other."

Without replying, the offended Mr. Stanville turned away, and hastened towards the house. Ruth and Mr. Balmley followed in silence.

II.

Stanville Hall was so full of guests, that Ruth had given up her own rooms and taken one that had been hastily fitted up with old furniture, collected from various parts of the mansion. A nondescript article, between bureau and dressing-table, served the purpose of the latter; upon it was a small mirror in an ebony frame.

Before this mirror sat Ruth Eaton, apparently unconscious that her fair self was there reflected; Mrs. Collins, whose duties as nurse had been merged in those of the femme de chambre, was arranging the hair of her young mistress. The Rev. Mr. Eaton, when he consented to part with Ruth, had demanded that Mrs. Collins should have the charge of his child in these capacities, and it had been granted.

Ruth was thoughtful and abstracted; Mrs. Collins, when she had plaited the hair of the preoccupied maiden, placed around her head a wreath of natural rose-buds, and as she did so, was chatting away all to herself:

"I wore just such white rose-buds, the day that I was married; emblems of purity and innocence, as my minister said. My beautiful buds came from the tall white rose-bush, in Madam Eaton's front-yard; I wonder if it stands there still? Your father likes these roses; your grandmother, Miss Ruth, was one of the saints upon earth: she is now in heaven. St. Paul has not forbidden rose-buds, as he has gold and pearls. There now, you look just like your own mother; poor dear lady that she was; you don't favour the Eatons. Your father would admire to see you at this moment, the very image of your mother, Miss Ruth; do you hear what I say?"

She was interrupted by a knock of the door. It was a servant with a small parcel, for Miss Eaton.

It contained a letter from her father, a couple of books, and his likeness in miniature.

"From Boston?" inquired Mrs. Collins.

"Yes; only thirteen days since."

"Dear old Boston! The pride of the earth! If I could only see the tip-top of the State House, it would do my old eyes more good than all the fine sights of London."

Though anxious to hear the contents of the letter, and very curious about the nice little parcel, that had not yet been opened, Mrs. Collins left Ruth for awhile alone.

Before she had finished the letter, her eyes were blinded with tears. She tore open the envelope from the miniature and gazed, long and wistfully, upon the face of her father.

Again she reverted to the letter.

"Fifteen years have passed, since I parted with my sweet little Ruth. Your arms were clasped so firmly around my neck, when I was about to leave you, that I had to tear myself from you. From the lovely child to the young lady, how great the change! Now, you are perhaps estranged from me; I should not know my own darling. Look, my child, at the face of your father, as the painter has delineated it. I have left youth far behind; already age has sprinkled among the dark locks, silvery tokens of my progress towards the grave. Sickness, sorrow, and loneliness, have doubtless increased these tokens, tenfold."

Ruth again dwelt long upon the mournful countenance before her. The expression of powerful intellect, softened and refined by piety, was in perfect accordance with her own previous conceptions; but the sadness and extreme pallor struck her with surprise and alarm. Again she read:—

"My daughter, the home to which I invite you, is the simple

parsonage of a plain country clergyman. Can you cheerfully consent to leave the splendid mansion of your uncle, and preside over my humble home? If I have read the character of my Ruth aright in her letters, she will hasten to gladden her father's lonely dwelling with her presence. But observe, my dear child, I do not command, I only invite you to come home."

"Home, home!" repeated Ruth in a voice, softened by tender emotion.

"I have made every needful arrangement," continued her father, "with reference to your voyage across the Atlantic. My old friend, John Hancock Lee, will meet you and our good Mrs. Collins, in Liverpool. He will send you his address, and tell you what vessel he is to take on his return.

"May our heavenly Father guide you, and if it be his holy will, bring you safely to the arms of your father."

The summons to dinner was unheeded. A servant was sent with a request from Mrs. Stanville, that Miss Eaton would immediately take her seat at the table. Ruth sent an apology, a true one, for she had indeed both headache and heartache.

Mrs. Collins, on seeing the miniature, was so grieved at the change that had taken place in Mr. Eaton, that the sadness of Ruth was deepened, and her anxiety increased.

Soon after the company rose from table, Ruth received a summons from her uncle to meet him in his library. She went with a beating heart.

Mr. Stanville handed a chair with the most punctilious politeness, and without the ceremony of a preamble, said, as if it were an expected event,

"Ruth, my dear, Mr. Balmley has proposed for you."

"Proposed! *What* has he proposed for me?" inquired Ruth, with unaffected surprise.

"Himself."

"Mr. Balmley! I am almost a stranger to him."

"By no means; he has heard much of you from your aunt, and has her good wishes as well as mine, for his success. He has an immense fortune, and is heir to an earldom on the death of an uncle."

Ruth remained silent with astonishment.

Mr. Stanville continued:

"I depend upon your acting in a manner becoming the education you have received. No silly romance. Mr. Balmley is not to be trifled with. Shall I summon him to receive your acceptance?"

"No, sir; I am going home."

"Home! This is your home."

"My home is with my father, in New England. I have received a letter from him inviting me to come to him. He is desolate and sad, and it is my duty and my pleasure to go to him. I am truly grateful for all the kindness shown to me by yourself and my aunt, and must beg that you will add still another obligation, by being the bearer of my refusal to Mr. Balmley."

"Ruth Eaton, you shall not return to New England; you shall marry Mr. Balmley."

Ruth rose to leave the library.

"Be seated," said Mr. Stanville, at the same time ringing a bell. A servant appeared, and was despatched for Mr. Balmley. As soon as that gentleman entered the library, Mr. Stanville said, in the blandest possible tone, although his face was flushed with anger,

"Henry, plead your own cause, as eloquently as you do the best interests of your country in Parliament, and there is no doubt of your success."

Mr. Balmley repeated the proposals made by Mr. Stanville; but it is doubtful if his eloquence was superior to that of other men on similar occasions. It is not the field for eloquence.

Ruth, perhaps, had the advantage in this respect. She gave Mr. Balmley a brief narrative of her uneventful life;—the sorrow of her father at parting with her; the loneliness of her own heart through childhood and even to the present hour; her deep, intense love for her native land; her desire to cheer and aid her father in those arduous duties which were bringing upon him premature age; and she concluded with an earnest request, that Mr. Balmley would persuade her aunt and uncle to allow her to go home.

"I admire the nobleness of your sentiments," replied Mr. Balmley. "That peculiarity in your character, which has been termed romance, perhaps more properly belongs to me, and has led me to form those presumptuous wishes which I have expressed. Disgusted with the heartlessness, the grasping worldliness of women of fashion, I have waited for several years, hoping to meet some true and simple-minded girl, who would not be attracted by the wealth which I unfortunately possess. In seeking for a wife, I wished for a friend—for intellectual companionship—for sympathy; moreover, for a guide in those paths in which men too rarely walk."

"Then you need some one more wise and more experienced than Ruth Eaton."

"I need just the wisdom that you possess, Miss Eaton; the wisdom that is not of this world, for I am satiated with its follies and its pleasures; I need a guiding angel, whose sweet

influence will win me to a better life. But, as you have other and higher duties, I must relinquish my hopes. I will endeavour to persuade your friends to part with you, though it seems a cruel task; and if you will allow me to do so, I will seek Mr. Lee, in Liverpool, and learn from him what arrangements he has made for you, and your faithful Massachusetts woman."

"You are too kind, Mr. Balmley," said Ruth, with the glittering tears upon her cheeks.

Mr. Balmley rose and left the library.

III.

One week had rapidly glided away in Liverpool.

The farewells had all been spoken, and Ruth and her faithful nurse were losing sight of the shores of England, in the good ship which rapidly bore them over the waves.

But why sits Ruth Eaton so mournfully gazing upon those retreating shores? She had there learned to love the beautiful; and now her memory lingered with fond delight among the venerable trees, the green glades, and sweet flowers of Stanville Park. Gratitude, too, throbbed at her heart. Although her uncle and aunt had educated her to gratify their own ambitious views, and had never drawn her closely to their affections, she now remembered only their kindness. The character of that friend who had enabled her so successfully to accomplish her wishes, now appeared inexpressibly noble and excellent. With that strange perversity in human nature, which brightens blessings as they take their flight, his fine person, his dignified manliness, his disinterested and deli-

cate kindness, were viewed through a well-known magnifying medium; his tender farewell lingered like sad music upon her spirit.

IV.

Mr. Eaton might have sat for the portrait when Dryden drew his justly-admired "Country Parson."

> "His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
> And charity itself was in his face;
> Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,
> (As God had clothed his own ambassador;)
> Nothing reserved or sullen was to see,
> But sweet regards and pleasing sanctity.
> He bore his great commission in his look,
> But sweetly-tempered awe, and softened all he spoke.
> He preached the joys of heaven, and pains of hell,
> And warned the sinner with becoming zeal;
> But on eternal mercy loved to dwell;
> He taught the gospel rather than the law,
> And forced himself to drive, but loved to draw.
> Wide was his parish; not contracted close
> In streets, but here and there a straggling house,
> Yet still he was at hand, without request,
> To serve the sick, to succour the distress'd.
> His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
> A living sermon of the truths he taught,
> For this by rules severe his life he squared,
> That all might see the doctrine which they heard."

His parsonage was sheltered by elms, whose waving branches swept over the roof. It was in the midst of one of those quiet, beautiful villages which adorn New England.

The small church, with its gothic windows, and graceful spire, closed the vista of the long avenue of weeping elms

which formed a continuous arbour over the main street of the village.

And Ruth Eaton is arranging the little parlour at the parsonage, and giving it an air of comfort, and even of elegance.

Fresh flowers are in the vases; the sweet balmy air is wafted through *the* tall white rose-bush, now in full blossom. A single bud ornaments the dark hair of Ruth. She has placed one there daily, since the first that showed its delicate petals through the green envelope. They are associated in her mind with the day, when the white buds faded upon her brow, at Stanville Hall. Just a year has passed since that memorable day.

Ruth Eaton is romantic; Ruth Eaton is sentimental, if this be a proof of it; yet she is not the creature of impulse; she possesses a clear, well-balanced mind, a sound discriminating judgment; she performs all the duties that now devolve upon her with cheerful alacrity. Her father's health under her watchful care has gradually improved; she has relieved him from many of his arduous labours; she visits the sick and the afflicted; she has established a parish school, and is the superintending genius of all the benevolent and religious efforts of the parishioners. They regard her with respect and affection. Often have they said, "How strange it is, that Miss Ruth, with her English education, has no pride; she is completely one of us."

Ruth, while thus performing her ministry of consolation and usefulness, was realizing some of the visions of other years; her life now had unity of purpose and unity of action; it was the exponent of the hidden life that she had enjoyed at Stanville Hall.

The light gate of the little court-yard before the parsonage

swung upon its hinges: Ruth hastened to meet her father on his return from a walk; she opened the door; it was Mr. Balmley.

Without one moment's reflection, she followed the impulse of her own affectionate heart, and returned the cordial salutation of her friend.

Explanations, confessions, and professions followed; ending with a reference—usual in such cases—to the father.

V.

"Can you give up your own country for my sake?" said the young wife; "I fear it is too much for me to require, Mr. Balmley; and yet, in this land of true, enlightened freedom, we may pass our days more happily than elsewhere. A thousand ways of usefulness are here opened to you, and you know you have flung away Ambition, not for my sake alone."

"What definite plan have you formed for my future usefulness, Ruth; I must lead an active life, to satisfy the demands of my own conscience."

"To be sure you must," said Ruth; "every man in our country must be a working-man; we can have no drones in a Republic. You have donned your armour for a crusade more noble than that which drew the lion-hearted Richard from his native England. Buy a large tract of uncultivated land; portion it out into small farms, for British emigrants. Invite tenants to come and earn by their labour, the farms which they improve. Pay them liberal wages, and whatever they save from year to year, let it be appropriated as purchase-money

for their own farms. In time, if they are frugal and industrious, they will own the land which they occupy.

"Build a church and school-houses. My dear father's labours here would be too great without my aid. He can find a younger man to take his place, and he shall be the pastor in the new parish which will thus grow up around us,—a community of your fellow-countrymen, rescued by your benevolence, from ignorance, poverty, and vice."

"My own romantic Ruth, it shall be as you wish, and we will call our new settlement, Eaton."

THE ORPHAN.

BY HOPE HESSELTINE.

Within her dear adopted home,
A lovely orphan dwelt,
Imparting, by her voice and look,
The cheerfulness she felt.

Her loving heart was bound to those
Who prized her as their own,
And by her thoughtful tenderness,
With flowers their path was strown.

A youthful circle freely shared
In her affection true;
Her books and harp, her birds and plants,
Were fondly valued too.

Untainted yet by worldliness,
She kept her artless grace;
Unconscious of her loveliness,
Her wealth, and winning face.

While life was bright, and future joys
In vivid pictures came,
With plans for usefulness, a change
Was stealing o'er her frame.

She oft complained of weariness,
Her brow was startling fair,
Her graceful form more slender grew,
And listless was her air.

Her friends, beneath that fearful blight,
Had seen her parents die,
And yet they hoped she might revive
Beneath a milder sky.

Then, to their dear adopted one,
The faithful pair were true;
For her they left their pleasant home,
And bade their boys adieu.

The shore had faded from their sight,
When storm-winds lashed the sea,
And mid the roar of waves were heard
The shrieks of agony.

The orphan saw impending death,
And, in the tumult there,
She breathed unto the present God,
Repentant, trustful prayer.

The heavy clouds had rolled away,
And silent was the blast;
The noble ship pursued her way,
Unharmed from keel to mast.

And like the sea, the orphan's breast
Was freed from tumult wild;
For God, amid the raging storm,
Had sealed her as his child.

No more she feared for life or death,
With childlike faith and love,
She leaned upon her Saviour's arm,
And fixed her gaze above.

They reached at last a sunny isle,
Where gorgeous blossoms glowed,
And yet that fading northern flower
A purer beauty showed,—

Her mild blue eye, her placid brow,
Her glossy, golden hair,
Her snowy robes, and gentle voice,
Her patient, saintlike air.

The gay, the gifted, and the good,
To yield her pleasure vied,
And felt their hearts had better grown
For moments at her side.

The choicest flowers adorned her room,
And many-coloured fruit,
And every little elegance
Her matchless taste to suit.

So lovely was the verdant isle,
It seemed a home of bliss,
"And yet there is," she oft exclaimed,
"A brighter world than this."

In murmured words, she sweetly said,
"Dear Aunt, of all below,
Abundant blessings I have had,
Yet joyfully I go.

"Let not for me your tears be shed,
Nor wish with me to die;
Oh, live to meet those darling boys,
And train them for the sky."

As fainter grew her failing strength,
And rayless was her eye,
Her spirit seemed with angel ken
To heavenly things descry.

When spring-time voices called them home,
Her blameless life was past;
For while they held her in their arms,
She calmly breathed her last.

The loved, though cold and lifeless clay,
They bore across the sea,
That in the churchyard she might lie
Beside her family.

And strangers, on a sculptured stone,
The orphan's name may trace,
While lingering to praise the flowers
Which bloom about the place.

Though buried there the casket lies,
Its bright, ethereal gem,
With glory lit, is sparkling now
In Heaven's diadem.

A FEMALE PURSUIT IN ANCIENT TIMES.

BY THE REV. GEORGE E. ELLIS.

The successive objects of intellectual interest are so numerous and engrossing, that many pursuits which once claimed an absorbing attention from human minds have passed away into oblivion. When recalled to remembrance by the help of ancient books, and set forth amid the fresher themes of present employment, the aroma of the past and the gray hue of antiquity give them yet a new interest, additional to that which they once possessed.

Among the studies which have ceased to be pursued,—which no longer have a single pupil in the world,—one which has about it many sweet memories,—is that which, in a former time, was most devotedly pursued among females of rank, and which is known in ancient books as "The Doctrine of Signatures in Plants." This study bore the same relation to Botany, as Astrology bears to Astronomy, and Alchemy to Chemistry. But it should likewise be allowed, that the study of Signatures in Plants, was always entirely free from those unholy or dubious associations which are connected inseparably with ancient Astrology and Alchemy. The subject which we are now recalling to remembrance, was never per-

verted to base uses; it is wholly pure from evil; and though it partakes largely of delusiveness and mere fancy, it was altogether harmless.

The main principle involved in this delightful study, and forming the basis of all the methods and conclusions which entered into it, may be stated as follows. Every plant, flower, and vegetable product of the earth, is expressive or symbolical of truth. It is the emblem or signature of some lesson of life, which attentive observation can search out, and put into application. Either in its shape, its constitution, its mode of growth, or in its products, each plant, all the earth over, is a secret symbol, or counterpart of a moral or practical truth. More than this even was embraced under the beautiful—though it must be acknowledged, most fanciful study of the Signatures of Plants. It involved likewise the belief that each plant indicated in some way its uses to man, the service to which it might be put, and the end which it would fulfil. One instance in illustration of the principles and application of this ancient science, so called, may help to make it somewhat more intelligible at the present day.

Thus, a forest nut, a walnut or shellbark, was said to be the signature of the human head—the vegetable emblem of the crowning glory of the human frame. While the whole nut thus answered to the whole head of man, the various parts of each corresponded also, and certain delicate affinities might be traced between the uses of each. The outer, shaggy bark of the nut answered to the hair of the head. The hard shell of the nut corresponded to the hard bones which form the skull. The delicate, thin skin which lined the shell and covered the kernel, answered to the equally delicate and vital membrane which covers the brain of man. The kernel of the nut an-

swered to the brain itself, and a striking similarity might be traced between the convolutions, the elevations, the depressions, the undulations, and the curved lines which divided the brain in precisely the same manner as they do the kernel, or meat of a walnut. Then too, a comparison was carried out between the answering uses of the whole and the parts of the two things, whose affinities of structure had thus been traced. The gathering of these nuts was a healthful process to the human frame. The autumn of the year matured them, as the autumn of age matures man's wisdom. The frost brought them to the ground, just as the frost of age silvers over the hair of man, and bows his head. More closely too, might the uses of the vegetable be applied to serve that of which it was the signature. An oil made of the nut-bark and shell was found to be excellent for the hair, and the deliberate chewing of the kernel, invigorated the mind, and promoted activity in the brain, of which the kernel was the signature.

This is one illustration among hundreds which might be adduced, of this fascinating though imaginative science. That many remarkable analogies, and indeed many startling truths should present themselves from the systematic pursuit of such a theory, any one who has thought much upon similar fanciful theories is well aware is a result most likely to occur. Some really striking facts verified the science in its own day in spite of overwhelming objections.

In pursuit of these pleasing analogies, which connected, as was supposed, the field of nature with the realm of truth, there was scarcely a vegetable product which escaped the cunning processes of human ingenuity. The foretelling of fortunes, the curious arts and charms of ancient medicine and surgery, the blisses and pangs of sentimental love, were alike served and

ministered to, by this doctrine of Signatures in Plants. The study was once most indefatigably engaged in, and the faint traces and particulars of it, which we find in venerable and antiquated volumes, are doubtless but very feeble indications of the influence and interest of the study, when it was a living theme. The vestiges of it which still remain are familiar to many young ladies under the modern titles of The Language of Flowers, The Sentiment of Flowers, or the Emblems and Truths which are partly revealed, and partly disguised in tints, petals, and foliage.

Many beautiful analogies and lessons are thus traced out, at the present day, but it may well be conceived that the ancient study was a sterner, a more thoughtful and serious one, far more so than the lingering representation of it, which now appears in our pretty volumes. The word fanciful, which we have applied to this ancient study of the Signatures of Plants, belongs to it only as we look back upon it from our present point of view. It was far from being fanciful to those who heartily pursued it. It engaged a measure of their firm belief; it had an equal devotion of the hearts of its votaries, with that which Astrology and Alchemy received.

It is to be remembered too, that this engaging and innocent study formed an occupation, at the time when it flourished, for the dames and daughters of rude and boisterous men in the ages of baronial strife and feudal rule. Very often were delicate fingers turned from their patient tasks on the tapestry loom, to cull a few flowers from within the enclosure of the castle wall. Very often did the returning hawking party witness a loitering of the females amid the woods and ferns of the forest, in search of leaves, roots, or berries. Then in the dull days of seclusion, and in the sameness of a rough mode of

life, these vegetable products were pored over with a curious interest.

Human life is largely occupied with trifles under all circumstances. Have the weaker sex ever spent a portion of their hearts upon trifles more innocent than these? Fanciful as to us appears this matter of ancient female lore, traces of which are found in some obscure epistles, sent by ladies of high birth to their female friends, by their devoted champion-knights—fanciful and profitless, as it seems to us, it nevertheless answered many high uses. The Mirror of Life when turned upon the past, shows in its reflections but few more lovely pictures than that of a female group bending over a basket of flowers and foliage, to study out the wisdom of the heart and soul of the children of God. How softening the influence of such a study; how much incidental knowledge must it have afforded; what improving habits of keen observation must it have fostered.

HYMN OF THE BLIND GIRL.

My friends, by ministry of love,
Are only known to me;—
And countless blessings, gracious Lord,
Acquaint my soul with Thee.

I know that earth is beautiful,
Though darkened are mine eyes;—
Thus Faith reveals to Christians here,
The glories of the skies.

I thank Thee, Father, for the veil
That hides both noon and night,
Since Thou art shining, shadowless,
My ever-present light.

THE BRIDE.

I.

The softened breath of early June,
Came gently through an oriel,
Where lingered in her girlhood's room,
A bride, mid every fond memorial.

II.

Her busy thoughts, from blameless years,
But pleasant scenes were rallying,
As winds that pass o'er fields of flowers,
Are sweeter for their dallying.

III.

And yet, those dear, remembered joys,
Her spirit, now, were saddening,
As shadows fall from rearward lights,
Which erst our path were gladdening.

IV.

Then, mingling with her pensiveness,
Came deep and solemn ponderings,
On Him, who had so guarded her
Through all her girlish wanderings.

V.

New joys and cares must soon be hers;—
With childlike faith and lowliness,
She knelt to ask for future strength
From God, the source of holiness.

"Here, O Father, since my childhood,
Daily I have knelt in prayer;
Thou hast granted my petitions,
Guarding me with ceaseless care.

"Pardon all my heedless straying,
Be my future Friend and Guide;
Let me not, for man's affection,
Wander from my Saviour's side.

"O! when I have left this dwelling,
Cheer, I pray, my parent's heart;
Give my sister holy wisdom,
Well to act the daughter's part.

"Make me, O! Almighty Father,
Firm amid the ills of life;
Henry's will through love obeying,
A devoted, faithful wife.

"Pilgrims to the Heavenly kingdom;
Till relieved, we lay them down,
May we bear each other's burdens,
And at last receive the crown."

VI.

She rose, and glided from the room;
A heaven-imparted purity
Was blended with the earnest faith,
That nerved her for futurity.

W.

THE LATHROPS.

A PLAIN STORY.

BY THE REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

CHAPTER I.

Wise thoughts, which no young person will heed.

All men build castles in the air, and all women furnish similar airy fabrics; for in dreamland, the distinctions and tastes of sex are preserved; and if men construct houses, in imagination, women follow their in-door vocations in the same facile country. If men speculate in impossible fancies of advancement, women go a-shopping in the like unsubstantial manner in their secret cogitations. It is a pleasant illusion while it lasts; and that is as much as can be said of any other thing of time, sense, or fancy.

Youth is a famous season for day-dreams; and the younger the youth, the gaudier the visions. The boy settles the colour of his servants' livery that is to be, though, to the cost of his own limb and muscle, he knows that the only carriage of which his father can boast, is a broken wheelbarrow; and the girl determines whether her diamonds shall be set in sprigs, in

crescents, or in some other form, though the nearest approach to jewelry in her maternal home, be the paste which is filling her teeth, while dreams of Golconda fill her imagination. The poorer the point from which the child peeps into futurity, the better is the prospect. Perhaps this arises from a latent suspicion, that while indulging in impossible imaginations, it is as well to treat one's self to the farthest sketch, as to stop short of the utmost limit of a road which is so easily travelled.

As years increase, the fancies and hopes of the young dreamers are tinged and sobered by experience. Points are reached which have promised miracles, but which fail in the test, from keeping the contract they had made with Hope. But in despite of continued disappointments, we still hope on; and it would seem as if the dispersion of one dream were only a warrant for the fulfilment of the next; as if the future were under obligation to atone to us for the failures of the past.

Everybody said that young Mr. Lathrop and his young wife commenced life under delightful auspices. Everybody was right. A competence in fortune—an apparent congeniality of disposition—the approval of connexions on both sides—the good wishes of troops of friends—buoyant hearts and cheerful tempers—all united to presage happiness, greater than is usually the lot of mortals. Everything was in such a delightful harmony, that if we were only to conclude our sketch where sketches usually end, instead of commencing it where the delightful catastrophe is generally reached, the curtain would fall on as sunny a scene as ever novelist essayed to paint.

Neither of the parties, it is hardly necessary to say, knew each other, for men and women are commonly yoked together

in happy ignorance of the characters of those to whom they are pledged for life—for better for worse, for richer for poorer. Matrimony, whether people will acknowledge it or not, is the heaven of the dream of youth. Despite of the disappointment of others who have tried the experiment, young humanity looks forward to it as the acme of earthly bliss. Once "fast bound," man and wife are thenceforward and thereafter to be "fast found" in all that makes life desirable, till death do them part. Alas! that as Jacob was not the first so neither hath he been the last to find himself united to Leah, when he had counted on Rachel. The customs of the East do not more effectually conceal from each other the characters of bride and groom than they are hidden by our social conventionalisms. Man goes masquerading to seek a wife, and woman receives his visits by the proxy of her reception face—the real woman being better known to Betty in the kitchen, than to any gentleman of them all who is admitted to the parlour. Both suitor and sued have been labouring under young delusions. There may be "nothing half so sweet in life, as love's young dream," but sweets have a chemical affinity to acids, and matrimonial affinity has the same degenerate tendency. The girl and boy have each an impossible ideal—invested with all sorts of unattainable perfect traits. When a real man or a real woman is elected into the niche of fancy occupied by this vision, the dreamer falls to work to gild the mortal up to the fairy standard of imagination. Such melancholy mirthful delusions do these efforts to make etherealities out of flesh and blood present, that the wildest machinery of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is prose in comparison; the utmost extravagance of Titania, with the "fair long ears" of her transformed weaver, is less than the wilful delusions of young husbands, and young

wives. These golden fancies soon scatter before the test of reality. Therefore, though, as we have said, our young couple commenced life under delightful auspices, it by no means followed that these pleasant indications could not deceive.

CHAPTER II.

The Wife's intimate Friends.

"I have such a surprise for you!" said Louisa to her husband, one morning. "Suzy is coming to spend a month with us."

"Suzy?" asked her husband, not recollecting who this charming person could be, whose anticipated visit caused his wife so much pleasure.

"Why yes, William; Susan Ayling—how dull you are today—my intimate friend, you know."

"Oh, yes; Miss Ayling," replied Wiliam; "I remember." He remembered her as a very insipid, quietly obtrusive, ridiculously romantic, nauseously affected, and to him thoroughly disagreeable person, who had always managed to be in his way, while he was paying his devoirs to his intended, and who, he more than suspected, received at secondhand all the kind things that he said to Louisa. Nothing annoys a man more than this. Lovers' protestations are very insipid in the repetition. There is a peculiar state of gentle weakness of intellect, necessary to prompt their utterance. A man in love, is Hercules with the distaff; and he no more desires, when the access of fever is off, to be reminded of his infirmity, than the slayer of the Nemean lion would have desired (had daguerreo-

types been then in fashion) to have Apollo pencil him in sunbeams at his feminine relaxation. Therefore—notice it when you will—a newly-married man seldom loves his wife's very intimate friend very dearly, unless both she and his wife are persons of remarkable and unusual discretion, and either know what may safely be conversed about, or have such careful watch not only over their lips, but over their looks, that nobody suspects their interchange of confidence. Miss Susan Ayling was no such person; and much as it is our wish to interest the reader in Mrs. Lathrop, we must acknowledge that she too was very far from any danger from excessive prudence. Lathrop had begun to find out his wife's weaknesses; and as to her friend, it would perhaps be rather too strong an expression to say that he perfectly hated *her*, though his regard was little less than hate. He despised her; and certainly felt anything but pleased to hear that she was to be domesticated under his roof. He, however, forced himself to say something to save appearances, and was careful not to venture upon any inquiries as to whether this vampyre, as he inwardly termed her, had obtruded her visit, or whether she came duly, formally, and pressingly invited. He feared to find that the latter might prove the case; and it made him a little jealous of his wife, that she should desire, at this early period of their union, any society beside his own. Newly-married people are amusingly jealous and selfish, both men and women; the best of them no better than jealous—the worst of them much worse than selfish.

In due time came the visiter. William, who happened unfortunately to be at home, could have tossed her out of the window, as she rushed — nearly to the extinguishment of Louisa's eyes with her hat—into her arms—we were about to

say, into her mouth. Then clinging, with more *abandon* than grace, about her neck for the regular five minutes, with which boarding-school misses, after three days' absence, salute each other, the vampyre released her hold, and dismissed her victim thoroughly tumbled. William hated untidiness quite as much as he did affectation.

"And now, my dear sis," proceeded the visiter, without noticing the presence of Lathrop, who stood a few paces off, uncertain whether it would be proper for him to remain or to retreat, "do tell me if the halcyon dreams of fond, confiding youth are realized in the tender arms of him who has assumed the reign in your innocent, trusting heart. Is he mother and father to you—brother and sister—and oh, more than all, can he supply the place in the union sweet of hearts which has been *our* life and joy?"

"Bacon and spinage!" muttered Lathrop, as he bounced out at the nearest door. What particular connexion those edibles had with the speech of Miss Susan Ayling, we cannot undertake to say. Probably William spake of them to keep his tongue out of mischief. Be that as it may, he hurried off, without saying a word to his wife's guest, and left the dear friends in the undisturbed enjoyment of their *tête-à-tête*. He had enough of it. Now, for the first time since his marriage, he began to feel that his home was losing its attractions. Endure it, with such a person as this visiter there, he felt that he could not. A brisk walk somewhat relieved his petulance, however, and rejoicing that he had not betrayed his disgust in any remarkable manner, and that his wife, at any rate, alone suspected his feelings, he saw the propriety of returning, disagreeable as the duty was, before his absence should be commented upon.

Perhaps there was rather more than quite enough cordiality in the manner in which he welcomed Miss Susan to his residence—much more than enough if we are required in our greetings to pay any regard to the truth. Certainly there was no need of his pressing Susan to his heart, with a theatrical grimace to his wife as he did so. To the wife, it was altogether inexplicable—to Susan, rather difficult of solution. But she resolved, that in her future reading, she would watch and find out whether it is not romantically orthodox for a man who is devotedly attached to his wife to extend his tender attentions to her intimate. At any rate, as it was among the most unexpected surprises of her life to be thus complimented, she was not over-curious as to the *rationale* of the thing, particularly as she did not happen to know what expression of face William wore when his head was over her shoulder.

Of one thing Mrs. Lathrop began at length to be sensible; and that was that it was her duty to be very angry with her husband for his conduct. And this conviction reduced her to a troublesome dilemma. She could not, *à la romance*, be angry with William without a confidant into whose ears she could pour her griefs; and William kept up a provoking series of burlesque attentions to Miss Susan, which she, good, simple soul, received with the most delightful gratitude. *Could* Louisa tell her that her own husband was a base traitor—a breaker of friendship—a wringer of his wife's heart—an abuser of her dear friend—and all this too without that dear friend's suspecting it? Certainly it was as ungenerous a mode of torment, and as effectual as ever a malicious rogue of a young husband hit upon. Commenced without premeditation, it was continued with provoking pertinacity. William kept his wife on nettles lest even the romantic stupidity of the butt of his

mischief should suddenly discover that she was made game of; and what was begun without a motive, except the promptings of impromptu mischief, was persevered in for the advantage it gave him. Louisa, as we have hinted, was in an awkward dilemma. As Susan never dreamed that the overstrained attentions of William could be anything but sincere, she soon began, in the vanity of her heart, to look for uneasiness on the part of Louisa. We need not say that she perceived it, nor that the key she invented for it was anything but the right one. She regarded Lathrop as a dear, delightful villain, and pitied his wife from the bottom of her heart. She deeply lamented that cruel fate, who is always a little too late, or a little too soon in intermeddling with love matters, had not taught him where his affections were really placed, instead of permitting him to go and marry another, when all his heart's affections were in reality in keeping of the unhappy friend of her to whom his word was pledged.

Common sense would have indicated to a common person the proper course to take in such a difficulty. But Miss Susan was no common person, and her idea of such matters was an adaptation of the Sorrows of Werter to the melancholy situation of herself and William. It was a painfully interesting trial to be the beloved of another woman's husband, which had exceeded her highest hopes. Life, she was now sure, was not the mere bread-and-butter and beefsteak affair that her unimaginative acquaintances had represented it. There was *some* romance in the world, after all—and she was the happy person to make the discovery. Once sure, she reciprocated William's endearments with most ridiculous earnestness; the only difference between them being, that while he was most disposed to be gallant when his wife was present,

and he could have the opportunity of keeping up his malicious telegraph, Susan was evidently better pleased with *tête-à-têtes.* To these our hero was not at all inclined, avoiding them with most resolute pertinacity. "Poor fellow!" said Susan to herself; "he is afraid to trust his bursting heart to the ordeal of an interview." She honoured his virtuous self-denial, inasmuch as it was an eloquent compliment to her irresistible fascination; but she did wish that his education had not been so much neglected in the line of romantic attachment.

We need hardly say, that Lathrop was full to suffocation with amusement, at the turn affairs were taking; and that his wife was provoked beyond endurance at the disgusting folly of her false friend. Her husband it was out of her power to reproach seriously, for he only laughed till the tears came when she introduced the subject; and she was compelled by the contagion to laugh also. The end of this visit was Susan's retreating from the field, with the consolation that she had magnanimously forborne wholly to estrange husband and wife; and no little credit did she take to herself therefor.

If the reader imagines the character overwrought, he is too incredulous. The mischiefs done by ridiculous and mawkish romances upon young minds are only not suspected in their full extent because so excellent an opportunity as was here afforded does not often present itself. False in incident, in colouring, in morals, in feeling, in fact, and in influence, there are no more potent and continual agents of evil than the popular romances of the day. The better written are the worse in tendency, inasmuch as their pictures are so beautifully drawn, and their poison so agreeably insinuated, that disgust does not intervene to check or abate the evil. But there is hope of a better state of things, and a revolution in the public taste.

The baldly profane and indelicate trash, impossible in narrative, and corrupt in conception, which rejoices in the name of cheap literature, is working its own cure. All but the coarsest minds are startled at its hideousness; and we may congratulate our countrymen and women on the fact, that the tide of romance, having had its flood, has cast up so much "mire and dirt," that the reaction in the public mind will lead to a better and a healthier state of opinion. Waiving all debate about how far works of pure imagination may be read with safety, to the health of the intellect and the purity of the soul, we may find a safe guide in this simple rule:—Whatever diverts from the proper themes, which, as immortal beings, should occupy our thoughts, is dangerous; whatever tempts us to desire that the wrong *could* be right, is a step farther in a perilous path; and whatever causes us to swerve from that duty to God, which he has commanded should be exhibited in our conduct to man, is ruinous.

CHAPTER III.

His Intimate Friends.

As we have seen that William was justly indignant at his wife's possessing an "intimate friend," who was made a sharer in the secrets of the household; upon abstract principles it would be concluded that he would himself be far from doing what he so decidedly condemned in Louisa. But, unfortunately, it is very far from being the case that men usually avoid in themselves, what they are satisfied is improper in others. We seem to view our own conduct, and that of our

neighbours with very different eyes; and while we can readily perceive the impropriety of a certain course in a second person, we can discover no wrong in the same conduct, when practised by our own dear selves. William had his intimate friends, as well as his wife; and candour compels us to the acknowledgment that his friends were the worse of the two sets.

A man's best adviser is his wife—and a woman's her husband. If there must be an umpire in their differences, the better is such an one as we shall find occasion to speak of by and by. To give any friend power to advise requires the betrayal of secrets which should never be breathed to a third person; for the great beauty and holiness of the matrimonial tie supposes an unreserved confidence;—a perfect understanding on both sides of mutual weaknesses and failings. The exchange puts the two parties really on an equality, and if, as poor human nature will be very apt to do, each thinks the other more to blame, affection should strike the balance, and make each content with the other. Few married couples, on their first experience, come into this proper view of their duty; and hence it is that the first year or two, in novels and romances supposed to be the happiest, are really the most uncomfortable years of married life. William was no more ready to relinquish his early friends than Louisa was; and he had the advantage of her, as all husbands have, in the fact that his chosen companions were out of her reach, and their influence over him was, therefore, while it was not so directly perceptible, the more potent. Poor Louisa was many times puzzled at the whims and the unaccountable caprices of her husband. She could not understand how one mind could be capable of such sudden and capricious turns and changes in

his conduct; and no wonder. His behaviour reflected the minds of half a dozen people. He fluttered, like a dog-vane, not only with every breath of gratuitous advice which he received, but he vacillated and veered at every joke which his careless friends uttered; and he gave a serious signification to many a light speech, which the utterers spake without meaning, and forgot as soon as spoken.

Poor Louisa, now hardly through a year of her married life, was completely unhappy. She found that neither fondness nor distance—neither praise nor blame—neither cheerfulness nor sobriety—neither loquacity nor silence could satisfy her lord. Certainly he was never—that is to say, very seldom —*rude* to her; but what was worse than rudeness, he was *indifferent.* Sharp words leave an opportunity for atonement in the reaction; and a brisk storm often clears the horizon. But a "heavy spell of dull weather," depressing and chilling in its influence, is the more hopeless, that there are no breaks in the clouds that may offer hope of a clearing away. Her husband was becoming every day more careless of his home. The accomplishments which had once secured his approval, had lost their attraction. The pleasure he once felt and exhibited in ministering to her gratification, had ceased. The disposition he had once shown to check her apologies for little disappointments and disagreeables in the household, by good-humoured forbearance, and by making a jest of what he declared she looked at with too much sober sadness—all were gone. In their place, he exhibited a turn for captious and unreasonable fault-finding, which compelled her to stand continually on the defensive. She dreaded and yet desired his return to the house, fearing his censure, implied or spoken, and hoping, only to be constantly disappointed, that

something would occur in his conduct, some word fall from his lips, or some expression flit over his countenance, which should give her, though ever so faint a hope, yet a hope still, that the dreams of happiness, with which she had looked forward to the home of her heart, would be realized, at least in some degree. But it seemed as if all the rose-colour, with which she had invested her future, had faded with the orange-flowers which decked her hair, when she bound herself with the promise,—to women how often sadly binding,—that, leaving all others, she would cleave to him alone.

And yet it would be unjust to say, that William was deficient in affection. It was not that he did not dearly love his wife,—paradoxical as it may appear,—that he thus teased her. In part, his conduct resulted from disappointment that she was not the perfect being which he took her for; but it was more because he was constantly receiving bad advice from improper counsellors, that he sowed his own garden with thorns. Men are not, until they have lost too much time in unhappy experience, half aware how much the sunshine of their own household depends upon themselves. They do not understand and cannot feel as women do—they do not know with what crushing weight a word, a careless act, a simple omission, a slight, where attention was expected, may press upon a devoted woman's heart. And all women are devoted. The most apparently heartless wife, is often the most susceptible, if the husband would but know it. Her world owns him as the centre; willingly, if he be worthy, but, however unwillingly the wife may admit it, still of necessity is the husband the regulator of the household. His prosperity is its comfort—his smile its sunshine.

It would be tedious, because unfortunately too common-

place, to note all the disagreeables which, from the causes we have been describing, hung about the union which commenced under the "happiest auspices." Too many married readers may recollect more or less of the same description of unhappy experience; and too many have behaved in precisely the same foolish manner, the same in kind, though less perhaps in degree, as Louisa and William. The monotony of discomfort was, however, in due time, broken by an event, which, though of as matter-of-fact a nature as any in our prosaic world, is always treated as the thing most unexpected and unprecedented. This was the advent of a new member in the household—a perfect paragon. Father's eyes and mother's expression—the manly beauty of one and the feminine grace of the other—all were apparent in a countenance which might, to an unprejudiced observer, have appeared about as expressive as an unbaked loaf of bread, with an accidental elevation, representing the incipient nose. Unprejudiced observers, however, are, by a sort of instinct, kept away from the nursery; nor are any anxious to intrude themselves unbidden into the purlieus of babydom. So the little heir of the graces of both parents was unanimously voted perfect by all admiring friends —and in this state of perfection, we will leave it to vegetate for a year or two, while we range ahead to the finishing of our story. It is true that much might be said about the *almost* quarrel about the name, and the sulky submission of William to his wife's wishes, seconded by the rather pointed remonstrance of her friends, against *his* unkindness in presuming to have a choice in the matter at all. Something might be spoken, too, of the trials of teeth-cutting, and the vocal gymnastics from over-feeding and hard jouncing—something of the horrors of whooping-cough, the calamities of croup, the

roughness of rash, the misery of measles, and all the other ills that children are heirs to. But we will pass over all this.

CHAPTER IV.

Changes.

In a previous chapter, we have described the end of one of Mrs. Lathrop's friendships. Mrs. Lathrop we must now call her, for, at the head of the little crib at which she sat, hung specimens of an infant wardrobe, which indicated a child so far advanced in its little age, that its mother was now to be classed among matrons. It was a mild summer evening. Louisa had laid her babe down to sleep, and lingered by its side to listen to its innocent prattle, or seem to listen, while in truth her thoughts were far differently and less pleasantly occupied. A bright moon made the apartment as light as day; and the breeze which stirred the flaxen curls on the little cherub's temples, came in, laden with the aroma of flowers, almost to faintness. Moving the little bed, so that the rays should not fall full in the child's face, the mother paused to look upon her sleeping babe. His ripe lips were parted with the easy breathing of youth and innocence. His little hands were still in the posture in which they had been placed while he repeated the simple and touching lines which are known wherever the English language is spoken :—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep—
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."—

And a white rose, which the darling held in his clasped fingers, had fallen on his breast, as if his guardian-angel, which always beholds the face of the Father in Heaven, had placed the emblem of purity on his little heart—a seal and token of his accepted prayer. "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven;" and He who giveth his beloved sleep, smiles on the repose of those whom He designated as the fittest though imperfect types, amid the sinfulness of earth, of the purity of Paradise.

Mrs. Lathrop's face was cold and calm in the pale beams of the moon; and as she rested her elbow on the child's bed, and looked down upon its slumbers, her thoughtful and affectionate expression and attitude, and the graceful negligence of her slight figure and drapery, made her seem almost ethereal. It was as if an angel watched the sleeper—alas! that under an outward aspect so heavenly, such thoughts as hers were wrestling in her mind.

"If it was not for you, my darling!" she said aloud; then hesitating to trust her voice even to the solitude of her chamber, she thought in silence. Many things pursued her in her musings. Not the least mischievous of these were the bad counsels of officious friends. Susan Ayling had been succeeded by more than seven others—all worse than the first. As the husband found his intimates and advisers out of doors, so did the wife; and the twain, who had been pronounced one flesh, were now almost in the bitterness of hatred. The only child, which slept before her, had been sent by Heaven as the umpire in their disputes. It was a common bond of affection between them—it was the sole tie, indeed, which united them any longer. She consulted her friends, only to find new methods of annoying him; and he retaliated, by seeking elsewhere the pleasure which he could not find at home.

"If it was not for you, my darling!"

What was the alternative to which the mother looked? Let those who, for the purposes of paltry gain, sow throughout our land the poison of the Satanic school of matrimonial romance, answer. Let the honourable men who aid bad women in teaching the modern abomination, that those whom God has joined together, may sunder themselves at their own option—that marriage is a contract of convenience, to be repudiated at will—that the holiness of the domestic tie is to be trampled under foot like the faded wreaths of a carousal—that the union is one of sense and not of soul—that God is *not* the witness of those who pledge themselves, while life endures, under all circumstances, and amid all reverses—but that when the wandering fancy seeks other and newer gratification, He who ordained the marriage union as a conservator of virtue, and a school of piety on earth, is to be denied:—let, we say, such teachers and their abettors and disciples, male and female, answer what Louisa would have determined to do, but for the silent pleading of the sleeping babe, of whom she could not forget that William was the father, however neglectful and indifferent he might be to her. Suddenly a new direction was given to her thoughts—suddenly and awful.

The posture of repose changed to agony. The babe's hands clutched at its throat—the white rose was caught in the convulsive grasp—the little limbs, before so calm in their rest, were contracted in misery—the face turned purple—the eyes protruded from their sockets—and the mouth was marked with foam.

"Help! help! in Heaven's name!" shrieked the distracted mother, as she caught the babe in her arms, and rushed, like a woman frantic, to the parlour. Lights were brought—lights

and assistance. William—for ill news flies apace—was among those who entered earliest. The instant application of the usual remedies in such cases, relieved the little sufferer from the rigidity of the convulsions. The blood resumed in part its natural flow, and the poor little hands, torn with an unperceived thorn upon the rose, bedewed the crushed flower with crimson. Strange how the quick eye will catch such little incidents—the bruised flower was a type still of the little innocent. It never recovered from its injuries, but speedily ceased to be a living blossom.

So ceased also the babe. He who giveth his beloved sleep, soon took the infant to its longer, calmer rest, for it recovered only sufficiently to give mother and father one smile, and then passed from earth for ever. That smile said: "Love one another." That recovery, for an instant only though it was, was vouchsafed in mercy, that the memory of their darling might be to the parents lovely even in death—a peaceful exit from a peaceful life, ere yet the troubles and sin and perplexities of the world had wearied the spirit and corrupted the thoughts.

Say not that the child died too young. Thus had it pleased Heaven that it should fulfil its destiny; and in its death God did good to the parents. Had the child lived, it would have become a cause of discord and a theme of dispute, widening the breach, and still farther estranging them from each other. Now the two had a common theme of conversation. More than ever in their lives before were they united. Louisa trembled as she remembered what were her thoughts when the hand of Providence in affliction called her to herself; and in the renewed kindness of her husband, could scarce forgive herself that she had ever dreamed of favouring the dogmas of

the modern social disorganizers. She thanked Heaven that she had been snatched from the brink of a frightful precipice —*thanked Heaven*—and thanks, thus directed in sincerity, never fail to bear good fruit. As she wept over her child, the days of her own infancy came back to her, and the memory of a mother's love consecrated the vision to her thoughts, now that she could indeed feel how intense is that purest of all earthly emotions.

And as Louisa thanked the Directing Care which had saved her in the past, she learned to look to the same source for aid in the future. The light of truth, as it broke upon her mind, taught her all the hideousness of the perils and temptations which had so nearly overwhelmed her; and the dissatisfaction and disappointment which had wearied, and the deep affliction which had humbled her, weaned her thoughts from idolatrous love of earth, and placed her hopes in that better land, where death cannot again separate her from her beloved.

CHAPTER V.

The Conclusion.

We need not say that the true reformation of Louisa was evident in her daily life and conduct; for as the tree is known by its fruits, the true Christian is known by the practical results of her faith and hope. Empty professions may be denied by unchristian acts; but the amendment of life which springs from a heart renewed is shown rather in acts than in words. William Lathrop could not remain unobservant of the better graces than those which had attracted his youthful observa-

tion; nor could he fail in gratitude to the kind and attentive partner who had now become an helpmeet indeed. We have not space to follow all the phases by which they passed through a most happy change of thought, feeling, and conduct. New associations gathered around them. The false friends which had deceived both, and the false views which had misled them, gave place to better companions and more correct principles. They learned in a word to love each other not only as man and wife but as children of the same Heavenly parent; and the bond of Christian love and fellowship sanctified and ennobled the marriage tie. Thus only can it be happy. In no place more than in his own house will a man find need of the example and exercise for the precepts of Him who came down from Heaven for our sakes; and no character on earth is more lovely than that of the Christian wife and mother. Other arguments may answer in prosperity—but the truths of the Christian Religion outshine to dimness all the commonplaces of human philosophy when adversity overtakes us. Other consolations will serve for those who are not afflicted—but the sure promises of Revelation only can heal the heart broken with sorrow, and teach us that whom our Father loveth he chasteneth.

Another and most impressive lesson still remained for husband and wife. Remembered of Heaven in their bereavement, another child came to make good the place of him whom they had lost. The pious affection of William now rendering him as assiduous as he had formerly been indifferent, led him to insist that his wife should not, in the weakness which existed more in his affectionate solicitude than in fact, be tasked with the care of her infant. With a mother's yearnings she would have clung to the care of her own

babe—but with a wife's obedience, she gave way to the plan on which her husband had set his heart.

An applicant soon answered their inquiries. Louisa was struck with the tones of her voice, though her face was hidden with a thick veil. But for this circumstance she would not have heeded the application of the stranger; for there was in her appearance anything but a warrant of introduction. An absence of neatness marked her whole attire, and Louisa shuddered to think that the life of her child should be supported from such a source. The interview was rendered still more painful by the embarrassment of the applicant, who at length rose to depart, without pressing her errand—indeed she rather avoided it. Accident exposed her face, and Louisa exclaimed,

"Susan Ayling!"

The girl sank back in her chair, weeping bitterly. Had she been aware whose advertisement she was answering, she would have been far from enduring the mortification; but want, wo, and vice had made her forget Louisa. Now, she was faint and sick at heart, that her first effort at escape from what seemed inevitable vice and misery, should be thus defeated. She expected only contempt and repulse, for *romance* has no better lessons for its readers; she expected anything but comfort and forgiveness, for the schools of crime teach that revenge is a virtue, and that triumph over an enemy is a rational joy.

Poor Susan! Her story—for won by Louisa's kindness, she related it to her, glad at last to find a pitying ear,—was an old one. It has been often repeated; often we fear it will be again, while false views of life prevail, and disregard of that better than all human systems, which should be our only

guide. Her child was dead—its father was a felon in prison. A dashing villain, he had poured into her ready ears the very nonsense which she deemed the proper language of the new-light Utopia which her imagination painted. Honour untrammelled was her deity, and he professed it his. She would have preferred that honour should have paid a decent respect to usage, but he accused her of mercenary and unworthy prudence, and demanded of *his* chosen, a chivalric contempt for fanatical and superstitious observances. They quarrelled and caroused by turns, as poverty and abundance alternated, till at length he closed his "liberality of opinion" in the illiberal precincts of the penitentiary, and Susan applied her *romance* as the answer to an advertisement.

Mrs. Lathrop would not permit her to sink back into destitution. Her influence introduced the wanderer to comfortable though unromantic support — her advice and assistance is moulding her character for permanent reformation. He who bade the erring Israelitish woman "go in peace, and sin no more," will surely second the efforts for good of the friends of Susan Ayling.

We need hardly say, that this incident was sufficient to enable Mrs. Lathrop to carry a true mother's point, in the kind contest which had arisen between herself and her husband in relation to the child. And now we may take leave of the parties in our plain narrative, assuring the reader, that its incidents are only such as have occurred, though never perhaps in precisely the same sequence that we have here placed them. If the experience of others, as we have here detailed it, saves one person from the disquietudes which follow lack of candour and of confidence, where all should be mutual faith, our time will not have been spent in vain. If we have re-

lated nothing *romantic*, neither have we anything improbable; if we have failed to satisfy the critics, our own conscience is acquitted; and if the story of the Lathrops does not amuse, it is because the plain prose of life does not usually divert those who seek the stronger excitement of imagination. The nearest approach to happiness on earth, is found in the habitual remembrance of Heaven; and neither man nor woman may expect to find pleasure in life, who finds it not in duty; nor may comfort be found in duty, unless pursued from a higher motive than mere decency, expediency, or any other purely worldly inducement.

THE INSPIRATION.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

"My mother's kiss made me a painter."
BENJAMIN WEST.

I.

THE sun's slant ray was leaning down
To kiss the closing flower,
The birds on hurrying wing went by
To reach their resting bower,
As evening, like a matron mild
From duties done, drew nigh,
Breathing a sweet and soothing calm
That blessed the earth and sky,
And rested like a holy charm
Of blended hope and joy,
Where in their home's soft shadow sate
A mother and her boy.

II.

His heart like leaping fawn went forth
Over the scene around,—

Her voice like low, sweet music calmed
And gave his fancies bound;
And yet her tender sympathy
In every breath was felt,
As on his pencil's trembling touch
With cheering smile she dwelt;
Oh! Genius needs this sympathy
To bid the soul expand,
As lilies open to the day
By summer breezes fanned.

III.

When first the fount of mind is stirred,
The mother's loving look,
In rapture beaming on her child,
Like star-shine on a brook,
Makes every gush of spirit wear
The diamond's living glow,
And bids the stream of childish hopes
In golden wavelets flow,—
Till thus the soul, an ocean filled
With love's translucent flood,
Pours out those high, immortal thoughts,
The tide that mounts to God.

IV.

The world has worshipped Angelo,
And bowed at Raphael's name,
But never, in the highest place,
That Genius crowned could claim,

Was such delight as felt the Boy,
When, at his mother's feet,
His first weak, wavering sketch he drew
And earned her kisses sweet;
Till waked and warmed by her embrace
Burst forth the spirit free,
Prophetic as the sibyl's voice—
"A Painter, I will be!"

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

BY MRS. L. C. TUTHILL.

"What blessing shall I ask for thee,
In the sweet dawn of infancy?
That which our Saviour, at his birth,
Brought down from heaven to earth?—

"What in the labour, pain, and strife,
Combats and cares of daily life?
In his cross-bearing steps to tread,
Who had not where to lay his head?—

"What in the bitterness of death,
When the last sigh cuts the last breath?
Like him your spirit to commend,
And up to Paradise ascend."

MONTGOMERY.

THE low wail of the boy was hushed. Sleep had partially closed the delicate lids over the dull eyes of the sufferer. His emaciated arms were thrown above his head, upon the pillow, which they rivalled in whiteness.

The mother sat beside her noble boy; she tenderly and lightly laid her hand upon his high, fair forehead. To the burning fever, which had been raging for many days, a gentle moisture had succeeded. His sleep gradually became tranquil, and "the blue-veined lids" were, at length, entirely closed.

The dark expression of agony on the countenance of the mother, gave place to the dawning light of hope. Worn with watching and weariness, her head rested upon the pillow of the invalid, and she, too, fell asleep.

"You have asked for power; you have your wish," said a venerable man, with a white, flowing beard.

The mother looked earnestly in his wrinkled face, and beheld the stern features of TIME. She stood within the walls of the Senate Chamber, leaning against a tall column.

A momentous question was before those "grave and reverend seignors"—a question involving human rights and the highest interests of the nation.

A senator arose. In that strongly-developed, muscular man, whose every movement was the exponent of intellectual energy, she recognised her own, her only son. Joy and pride throbbed at her heart as the hushed silence throughout that magnificent hall demonstrated the interest which had been excited by the rising of the senator.

When he had for a moment enjoyed that silence, and acknowledged the spontaneous tribute of respect by a slight bow, he spoke, and, in his deep, subduing voice, the mother recognised the tones which had delighted her ear in his boyhood. As he went on, he quoted from her favourite poets, the very lines that she had taught him. Her patriotism, her ambition, her love of glory, welled forth from his eloquent lips. He advocated the cause of his country—"his country, right or wrong." He spoke of deep, stern revenge upon those who had "tarnished her bright escutcheon." "Honour, bravery, renown," were his watchwords, and when he ended, his voice

sounded like the trumpet of an avenging demon, as he uttered, "War—war;—we have no resource left but—war!"

The flashing eyes and flushed brows of the eager listeners, evinced that the war-spirit was fully aroused.

The venerable man, with the white, flowing beard, said, in a low whisper, which thrilled like electricity through the frame of the mother:

"Behold the influence for which you are accountable! You sway the destiny of millions."

The proud spirit of the mother was awed, and yet she rejoiced; for power was her idol.

Transition strange. She stood upon a hill, commanding a view of a lovely landscape. The ripening harvest waved over the wide fields; the ruminating herds enjoyed the grateful shelter of far-spreading trees, or cooled themselves in the meadow stream, which lovingly lingered among bending flowers. The unmolested squirrel fearlessly hopped from stone to stone, along the moss-covered wall, and the birds sang their sweetest notes of love and peace.

Suddenly came upon the ear the tramp of a marching army. File after file they passed on, raising clouds of dust, which soiled the fresh, verdant fields, and gave a lurid glare to the summer sun.

Their leader advanced. Chivalry's self might have trained his white war-steed, and decked this modern warrior with her own paraphernalia of glittering gold and flashing steel.

Again the heart of the mother throbbed with proud exultation—"*My* son!—my brave, my noble son!"

While the exclamation still lingered upon her lips, the ad-

vancing army had encountered the foe. She was amid the horrors of a battle-field.

Those sweet and tranquil meadows were trampled by the furious legions, and the limpid rivulet stained with human blood.

The shrill shriek of the wounded, and the dull groan of the dying, fell on the ear of the affrighted mother. Through the thickest of the fight, she traced from rank to rank the waving plumes of her beloved son.

Men in their last agony gnashed their teeth and gazed upon her with the fierce look of revenge.

The old man again whispered:

"Behold your own work!"

Then came the leader, plunging over heaps of the dying and dead, cheering forward his few remaining soldiers. The white horse was flecked with blood-stains, and the bones of the wounded and the dead crushed and cracked beneath his feet, as he trampled upon prostrate men. Men!—fathers, sons, brothers, husbands!

Brutal ferocity glared in the eyes of the leader—those sweet blue eyes, which had been to his mother like the violets of spring.

"Cowards! If you retreat, we are conquered. Onward, to victory!" shouted that voice, to which the mother's heart again vibrated with proud emotion.

At the instant, a cannon-ball dashed him from his horse, and he fell at her feet.

With the death-agony on his stiffening features, he fixed his glazed eyes upon her, and, with a tone whose unparalleled bitterness was fiendish, he exclaimed:

"Mother, your work here is completed, but your power shall still be felt in—"

"Mother," uttered a gentle, feeble voice.

She awoke from her dream.

"Mother, please give me some water. How sweetly I have slept. I dreamed I was in heaven; but perhaps God is going to spare me to take care of you, dear mother, when you will be old and feeble."

The conscience-stricken mother clasped the emaciated hand of her boy in her own, and, as she kissed his forehead, deep thanksgiving and earnest prayer went up from her heart. "Merciful God! Forgive my sinful hopes, and enable me to instil into his mind the holy principles of peace and good-will to all mankind."

THE DISMAL YEAR.

I.

'Tis but one little year
Since all were here!—
My bright-eyed four
Met me at my cottage door,
And led me in!—

II.

The youngest, on the breast
Of its fond mother prest;
With soft blue eye,
And jocund cry,
And childish din.

III.

The other three—my pride—
Ran laughing at her side,
And she,—in mirthfulness
Blessed me with welcome kiss
And winning voice.

IV.

Oh! let my spirit lie
In these glades of memory,
Nor call me ever home,
Weary—and faint—to roam
Mid vanished joys.

V.

Alas! I cannot stay;
Time sweeps my bark away,
And ever, ever on
Blest or alone;—
Helpless, I'm driven.

VI.

Oh! where now is my boy,
Flower of my strength, my manhood's joy?—
Hushed his voice of mirth,—
Its music, lost on earth
Is heard in Heaven!—

VII.

Where is my infant child?—
The cherub, fair and mild—
With fond caress,
And gentleness,
So like her mother?—

VIII.

Gone—like a moonlit billow—
Gone from her cradle pillow,
And she evermore reposes
Wreathed in Heaven's fadeless roses
By her angel brother!—

IX.

Where is my gentle bride?—
She smiles not at my side,
As in those days gone by,
When from her lip and eye
I drank delight!—

X.

A mother's love called her on high
To guide her cherubs in the sky;
And I am left below,
To guard my hapless two
Thro' life's drear night.

XI.

Oh! shield them—gracious God;
Teach *me* to bear the rod,
Its chastenings to receive,—
And childlike to believe
A Father's love.

XII.

Lead us gently—holy Jesus,
Till thy mercy shall release us,
Then our years of parting o'er,
Waft us to those gone before—
A family above!

H.

EARLY INFLUENCE.

BY ANNE W. MAYLIN.

"Ye whose grateful memory retains
Dear recollection of *her* tender pains,
To whom your oft-conn'd lesson, daily said,
With kiss and cheering praises was repaid;
To gain whose smile, to shun whose mild rebuke,
Your irksome task was learnt in silent nook:—
And ye, who best the faithful virtues know
Of a linked partner, tried in weal and wo,
Whose very look called virtuous vigour forth,
Compelling you to match her worth—
Give ear."

JOANNA BAILLIE.

INFLUENCE is an all-potent engine for good or for evil. No character, great or humble, is formed without its instrumentality. No life passes, whose daily course bears not upon itself traces of influence, as its recipient; nor any, whose daily course casts not some lights and shadows around it on others, as its creator. From the first dawn and springtime of being, we are each and every one its subjects: and let us live as long as we may, we shall never become absolutely independent of its authority.

If character is modified and to some extent created, by influence, what must be its importance as connected with the opening season of existence—its first bearings upon the formation of the plastic mind—its earliest tendencies in bending that twig, according to the direction of which "the tree inclines?" Who can number its modifications?—who mark even one-half of its insensible results in the development of taste, thought, feeling, principle, and the whole intellectual and moral being? The healthful dew of night is not more silent—the poisonous miasma not more unheeded—than many of the early influences that most powerfully affect the mind's subsequent history and character. Yet the issues of these are not more sure in the natural world than are those of the latter in the moral. We are formed by them, and know it not. We take the various impressions for weal or ill they imprint upon us, yet we feel not that these impressions have been made. Thus the whole mental superstructure is created, partly irrespective of ourselves: and we may become an almost "patriarch pupil" in the school of influences, before we are led to analyze their origin and progress.

Both surrounding characters and circumstances contribute their share to the sum total of these. Those of the home circle, and especially of the maternal relation, are proverbially powerful beyond all others. From Rebecca, whose evil counsel inculcated on her favourite Jacob the principle and practice of deceit, to the mother of Byron, creating, by her unnatural coldness towards her child, the almost malignant misanthrope of his age;—from Hannah, lending her son "for life unto the Lord," to the mother and grandmother, whose "unfeigned faith dwelt" in Timothy also,—the world of great as well as minor minds has been swayed and shaped by ma-

ternal guidance. This influence is so universally acknowledged, that it would be but trite to dwell on it. We have only to look abroad into history, and its lessons meet us. We have but to turn an inward eye upon our own characters, and unlike are we to our kind, indeed, if its workings are not manifested there.

We all know who said that his mother's kiss made him a painter; we cannot forget *whose* varied and wonderful linguadental attainments were traced by himself to the encouragement his infant impulses received, as a mother's voice gently answered his unceasing appeals for knowledge, with—"Read, and you will know." We cannot forget that he whose "Rise and Progress" has gone through the length and breadth of many lands, arousing the careless and instructing the Christian, referred his own love for the Sacred Scriptures to the hours when the guardian of his infancy read him the stories of Holy Writ from the Dutch tiles in the old fire-place; nor that his cotemporary, whose spiritual songs have, like those of David, gone up to God on the lips of thousands, when bringing, at the age of three years, *a pin* from the house of a neighbour, had the lesson of mine and thine ineffaceably engraven on his little mind, by being sent back to restore even *that* trifle to its owner.

The world of early influences is an extensive one. Influences whisper to the youthful bosom from nature—from history—from poetry—from science—from art. Influences come to us in life's first years from all that surrounds us; from the first books we read with avidity—the first names in learning that arrest our attention—the first strains of music that touch our soul—the first voice to which we listen in public, speaking with the stirring tones of eloquence—the first epi-

thets that we hear appended to certain mental qualities, whether noble or ignoble—the first associations with which the things of time and sense are spoken of by those around us, as compared with things immaterial and eternal. There are influences caught from the garden and the meadow—from the streamlet and the sky—from the floating cloud and the fading sunset—from the wind in the woods and the chirp of the grasshopper;—influences, which, breathing themselves through the mind of the young noviciate in life, modify and colour the nature of all its subsequent associations with the objects themselves.

Who, that has a heart capable of being moved by the intellectual sublime, cannot recall the high throb of emotion which swelled it as its perceptions of mental greatness were first awakened by presenting before it some glorious personification of that greatness? Who cannot point to some one volume, the frequent perusal of which modelled his taste, and formed a kind of touchstone by which he learned to judge of others? or to some name in historic or biographic annals, which his youthful enthusiasm elevated above all others, as the beau ideal of his own aspirations? Never, probably, would there have been an Alexander, but for an Achilles: nor, probably, might an Elizabeth Fry have blessed and benefited the world, had there not lived a Howard.

Early influences are abiding ones. Their authority over even the maturely-developed mind is mighty; nor can the combined forces of reason, and conviction, and judgment, uniformly avail to disenthral it from their dominion. Even the giant intellect of the illustrious Dr. Johnson was inadequate to emancipate itself from the weak superstitions engendered in his infant breast by hobgoblin nursery tales, which were the

annoyance of his imagination through his whole life. We take the "hue and colouring" of our mental habits, and even of our prejudices, from those around us; and unfortunately, in being acted upon by surrounding influences, the affinities of our minds for these are not always purely *elective*. Many of them are, indeed, involuntary; and so much easier is it to surrender ourselves to lower, than to assimilate towards higher ones, that the unpropitious ofttimes gain the ascendency over the healthful. How vitally essential is it then, that the character of the associations which cluster around our youthful years, be, morally and intellectually, such as the heart may acknowledge with gratitude and delight, throughout the after-pages of its history! The key-note in music, giving character to a whole piece, is not more important than that key-note of the future character, which is generally given within the walls of home.

Unhappily, the early influences under which the majority of individuals pass their first years, far from encourage a just and elevated appreciation of either intellectual or moral excellence. The voice of the *few*, speaking to us from good books and good men, declares perhaps the words of truth and soberness: but that of *the many* sets forth the praises of wealth, power, folly, and fashion; and the eternal realities, and sublime resources of our higher being are scarcely named, or slightingly, as castles in the air. Those enjoy a peculiar privilege whose early estimates of good and evil, of right and wrong, of light and darkness, have not been formed upon the *vox populi;* whose principles and tastes have been moulded upon such models, and such standards, as ever lead them to place the intellectual above the animal,—the social above the selfish,—

the valuable above the splendid;—and finally, the things seen and temporal below the things unseen and eternal.

There could hardly be presented a more beautiful illustration of the nature and workings of a high intellectual and moral influence, upon the formation of character, than in Fenelon's admirable Telemachus. Young, ardent, enthusiastic, inclined to yield himself to the impetus of the moment without duly considering whither it would lead him, evil oftimes appears to him as good, and good as evil; unaided by strength superior to his own, his steps would surely have failed a thousand and a thousand times amid the hidden pitfalls and quicksands which environed them.

But behold how gently, yet prevailingly, the holy guidance of wisdom leads him along; mildly controlling his choice without annihilating it,—guiding, not binding his will! No Rinaldo, hewing down at *one* stroke the tree with whose fall all the illusions of the enchanted garden vanished as a vision, this heavenly guardianship, with gradual growth of power, quietly walks by his side, through the voluptuous bowers of Calypso, counteracts her siren words of flattery, shields him from the fascinations of her preference, and after bringing him victoriously through many minor conflicts, enables him at last even to withstand the rising strength of a pure and virtuous attachment, rather than that anything should clash with the one settled purpose and duty of his soul, his return to Ithaca. His struggles between inclination and honour, between weakness and resolution,—the expedients by which he endeavours to hide from his own view the secret disguises of his heart, are delicately and truthfully delineated, and commend themselves to the testimony, the experience, of all who have entered in good earnest on the conflict and combat of life.

Let us review those influences that have in some measure formed our own minds; their nature, character, and effect upon ourselves: thence shall we be better able to judge of what we may do for those who are in their turn just entering upon their career, with bosoms ductile to every image that example, conversation, or observation, may indelibly imprint there. Who can tell what each of us is daily doing for these? We need not be parents, or even professionally teachers, to accomplish something in this matter. To each of us is given to stir some *little* wave of influence in the mighty sea of mind; to move from its centre some small, but "spreading circle," to leave behind us *some* "footstep, on the sands of Time."

Let us see to it that the tendency of the influence we exert, tell for good upon those who receive it. Let not our discourse, our example, our deportment, the spirit and tenor of our lives, be such as to lead those around us to feel, or even to *appear* to feel, that, so far as we are concerned,—"to eat, drink, and be clothed" according to the standard or fashion of the surrounding world, is, in our view, the chief good of human life. Let us try to draw from a purer, brighter atmosphere, from "an ampler ether and diviner air," the daily breath of our own spirits, that we may infuse some portion of its enlivening, invigorating impulses into those around us. Let us feel that each of us can and ought to do something to elevate the principle and practice of the age we live in, especially the rising age. *That* is an utterly false humility which declines all such efforts on the fashionable plea of those efforts being too insignificant to oppose the torrent, or too unimportant to be available.

Drops make up the shower; grains the ant-hills; single lines of light the whole concentrated effluence of the glorious sun. We may feel that we can be but that drop—that grain, and

that if even a single line of light be emitted from our moral pathway, it must be faint indeed as that of the gray and trembling dawn. But if we may venture to hope that only *one* mind which is hereafter to act on life's great stage when we are withdrawn from it, shall be able to look back and refer to any instrumentality of ours, whether direct or indirect, upon its early years, the formation of one good principle, the power of increasing the sum of others' welfare, or of its own true happiness; if we can lead even a little child by the glorious fountain of intellectual delights, or the more glorious fountain of living waters, and the footsteps of Him whose favour is life, and whose loving kindness better than life: more blessed shall we be in the great day of His appearing, than if we had "subdued kingdoms," or "taken a strong city."

WIDOWHOOD.

BY MISS CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

"For thy dear sake, I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pain."

FRANCES ANNE BUTLER.

MANY, many years have passed since I was called, with other loving friends, to witness the marriage of Emily Remson to Murray Winthrop. Never was there a better-sorted pair, nor a marriage under happier auspices. They had known each other from childhood; their parents, their grandparents, were friends. There was no element of discord in their natures—they were born to an inheritance of healthy minds and hearts. They were educated with sound views of life and duty. They had the same circle of interests, tastes, and inclinations. They might be strictly called homogeneous—everything in them blending in harmony. There was no difference between them (in these days of bold assertion, to the contrary, we are old-fashioned enough to believe there is a difference), but that which distinguishes the man from the woman. Milton has said it better than any one can say it after him—

"For contemplation he, and valour form'd,
For softness she, and sweet, attractive grace."

There could not be, there never were questions of "absolute rule" and "subjection" between them, for their wills were blended in one.

The families of both parties were present, and showers of prayers, and wishes, and sympathies consecrated the occasion. It was a general family festival—a "beautiful hour; when in every cloud stood a smiling angel, who, instead of rain-drops, showered down flowers."

For fifteen years life fairly kept its promise to them. There was but one flaw in their happiness, and that I have often heard Emily cheerfully say, "I ought not to wish to escape from, and I do not; there must be something—some earthy sediment in the clearest cup; and what could I have easier to bear than the ill-health that seems to double my husband's tenderness, and stimulate his invention to open new sources of enjoyment to me."

We often wish that our countrywomen had more health, more vigour, and more of the independence and self-reliance that spring from physical force. And the time is coming, when the want of these will cease to be their reproach, but, in the meanwhile, we thank God, that, as in all evil, there is some providential mitigation—a reflection of his love even in the tear-drop; so the debility of our women is, in *some slight degree*, compensated by the gentleness, tenderness, and sympathy that accompanies it. If our wives lean, they find the strongest support—if they are weak and dependent, their husbands are, for the most part, considerate, generous, and devoted.

So, assuredly, was my friend Murray Winthrop. Emily

was a wife after the old Israelitish pattern, leaning in her very nature; "her desire was unto her husband"—desire, without the fear of patriarchal times. She was as free as if she were unyoked, for she had no wish independent of her husband's, and certainly no enjoyment without a partition with him. It was not that she lost her distinctive character, as certain colours are deadened by the proximity of stronger ones, but like a lesser stream, she blended with a fuller one—not losing her own power, but giving more force to his. She was not one of those silly, "just as Mr. So-and-so pleases" wives, or "I have not asked husband, but just as he thinks, I shall think." Emily thought and acted freely; the mainspring was in her heart, and that brought out the perfect accord. I have never seen a happier home than theirs—sanctified by the rites of religion, and cheerful with every social blessing and virtue.

Fifteen happy years passed on. They had six lovely children. They had not riches, but uniform prosperity. Winthrop had an honourable profession, and a certain income, and he delighted to surround his wife with every indulgence that could mitigate the evil of her ill-health. He could not afford a carriage, but a carryall with one horse, gave her the refreshment of a daily drive with her husband, more enjoying to her than if she had had a liveried coachman and half a dozen footmen in livery. Neither could they afford a country-seat, but they went for some happy weeks every summer to the sea-shore, or to the hill-country. They did not indulge in magnificent dinner-parties, but there was always a seat and a welcome for a friend at their table—and a good dinner, too, for Winthrop in his daily marketing, procured some dainty, to secure for Emily the blessing of a relished meal.

She was sometimes unable to walk up and down stairs, but her husband carried her in his arms, and then, as she said, she was more to be envied than pitied.

I linger in their sunshine. The fifteen years were passed! Winthrop went to New Orleans to help a beloved and only brother through an entanglement with a fraudulent merchant. In order to extricate him, Winthrop pledged a large portion of his own property. If their lives were preserved, there was no risk of final loss; and full of life and health, they scarcely thought of the contingency.

They sailed for New York. A tempest came on—The ship was dismasted and unmanageable. A part of the crew and passengers took to the boats; Winthrop and his brother, by the captain's advice, remained on the wreck. Winthrop, at the moment they were lowering the boat, wrote in pencil on a card the following line to his wife, and gave it to one of the passengers who was abandoning the ship:—"*In all events, trust in God, as I now do, my Emily. His will be done.*"

The wreck went down in sight of the boats! They came to land. The news was sent to Emily by the passenger who transmitted to her her husband's last token, and she was plunged at once, without the poor preparation of an apprehension, from cheerful anticipations, into the desolation of widowhood. She would gladly have covered her face and died. The light of her life was gone. Not even her children reflected one ray of light to her. The impulse to action was lost—the springs of hope were dried up. No more smoothing of rough ways for her—no more anticipation of her wants—no more defence from hardship—no more providing—no more watching; no more companionship! She was alone! alone! How did that word strike, and strike upon her heart the knell

of her departed life. The world was no longer the world she had lived in. Thick darkness had settled upon it. It was as if the sun had vanished, and the countless starry host had passed away. Day and night returned, but not to her came their sweet uses; meal-times brought no refreshment; she lay down to wakeful nights and troubled dreams, and awoke to feel again, and again the first blow in all its activeness and freshness. Her children were as nothing to her. One blank despair had closed the access to all other passions. There was nothing left but a capacity for suffering. Where was her religion?—alas! alas! she had loved her husband supremely. She had forsaken her God—He had not forsaken her.

I have said that Emily derived no comfort from her children. In this I found some excuse for her, for it indicated to me that her mind had lost its balance, and that she had not the power to give herself to the holiest ministrations of nature. But there was one influence that seemed to reach her. Annie, her fourth child, a girl nine years old, had an uncommonly sweet voice, and when her mother was exhausted with mourning and watching, and her pulses were throbbing and every nerve was in tormenting action, she would send for Annie to sit by her bedside and sing to her. There was a magnetic influence in the child's tender voice. Her mother would become calm, and sometimes fall asleep. The poor little girl would sing on, infected with her mother's sadness, with tears in her eyes, no matter whether it were a verse from a hymn, or a stanza from a song. Her eldest sister Mary, a thoughtful girl, said to her one day, "I wish you very much, dear Annie, to learn two or three hymns through, and when you find mamma getting quiet, sing them to her." The docile child readily acquiesced. Mary, guided by the instincts of the

highest feeling, selected the hymns, and on the next fitting occasion, when her poor mother was tranquillized, and the intervals between her heart-breaking sighs were longer, Annie sang the following beautiful hymn; she had till then sang those most familiar and hackneyed, and the words had flowed on the sound without producing any impression. The consciousness of having a purpose, varied the general monotony of her singing, and the first half line roused her mother's attention.

"Weep thou, O mourner! but in lamentation
May thy Redeemer still remembered be;
Strong is his arm, the God of thy salvation,
Strong is his love to cheer and comfort thee.

"Cold though the world be in the way before thee,
Wail not in sadness, o'er the darkling tomb;
God in his love, still watcheth kindly o'er thee,
Light shineth still above the clouds of gloom.

"Dimmed though thine eyes be with the tears of sorrow,
Night only known beneath the sky of time,
Faith can behold the dawning of a morrow
Glowing in smiles of love, and joy sublime.

"Change, then, O mourner, grief to exultation;
Firm and confiding may thy spirit be;
Strong is his arm, the God of thy salvation;
Strong is his love to cheer and comfort thee!"

Before Annie finished the hymn, her mother raised her head, and leaning on her elbow, she drank in every word, as if it were inspiration addressed by Heaven to her soul. When the child had finished, she drew her to her bosom and wept, for the first time, freely, tears that relieved her burdened heart—

tears in which other thoughts than those of grief mingled. As soon as she could speak, she said, "Annie, sing that last verse to me again."

Annie repeated it, and her mother repeated after her the last line—

"Strong is His love to cheer and comfort thee!"

"What love!" she added, "what patience—with me, a wretched rebel!"

"Oh, don't say so, mamma!" said Annie. "I have one more hymn to sing to you, that I think is beautiful; shall I sing it?"

"Yes; yes, dear child, sing on, and God grant me grace to hear," she added, in mental prayer.

Annie sang "The Angels of Grief," of Whittier, a poet who has given to his high poetic gifts the holiest consecration.

"With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.

"Yet would we say what every heart approveth—
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear ones whom he loveth,
Is mercy still.

"Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel;
The good die not."

A few moments' silence followed. Emily then kissed her

child, with a quiet tenderness that she had not before shown, and dismissed her. She did not remain in bed, sighing and lamenting, but she arose and passed the night in walking her chamber, or on her knees. She reproached herself bitterly. She felt that she had forgotten her religious profession—that she had denied her Lord in suffering her faith and love to be consumed in the furnace from which they should have come out purified. Now, for the first, it seemed to her that she received her husband's last words to her,—"Trust in God, as I now do, my Emily. His will be done." He, in his extremity, was willing, she thought. He rose above the storm—the tempest carried away my trust. He reposed in me—he thought, in that dreadful hour, that he might commit the children to my care. I have forgotten them, and every other duty—I have lain, like a vine torn from the tree that supported it, prostrate, withering, and dying, and I am a creature endowed with a capacity to do as well as to suffer. In my prosperity, I believed I was a Christian!—how have I sunk below the requirements of this profession. Have I been patient in tribulation? Have I submitted to the fellowship of suffering—of self-forgetfulness—of self-renunciation. No, no! I have thought only of myself. I have dared to expect that life should continue the joy it has been. And now, as I am resolved to look forward, and not back, God help me!

The next morning, to the astonishment of her children, Emily appeared among them. She took her accustomed place at table, and calmly served them. She even spoke to them of their father, and of the double duty that had now devolved upon her. She felt a faintness coming over, and desisted, wisely resolving to enter by degrees upon her new field of labour.

Life had utterly changed to her. During her husband's life, she had been the object of constant indulgence, and a tenderness that fenced off not only evil, but whatever was uncomfortable and disagreeable. This is a false position; it cannot last. There is no *petting* in life. The school of Providence is a school of discipline and trial. Emily

> "Had slept, and dreamed that life was beauty—
> She waked, and found that life was duty."

But this duty was to make her a higher and nobler being. Till now she had been gentle, sweet, and attractive, but loving a life of passive and indulged invalidism, she had had scarcely more to do with actual affairs, than the ladies of a Haram. If she had died then, she would have left no void but in the hearts of those that loved her. She had now to seal her sorrows up in her own breast; to endure patiently and silently her own loneliness; to make sunshine for others, while she felt that her whole life must wear out in chill dreary shadow. But she had religiously resolved, and she amazed her friends with her noiseless vigour. She found, on investigation, that her income was reduced to very narrow limits. She courageously and at once reduced her expenses to her means.

Some women deem it unfeminine to take care of their pecuniary affairs, and certainly their training and social arrangements are unfavourable to their qualification for this care. To Emily there was but one question; is this my duty? that ascertained she went forward and did it. She sought advice when she needed it, and aid where she required it, but, for the most part, she took care of her own concerns, and she "saw well to the ways of her household."

She provided for the education of her children; she sighed

to be obliged to renounce advantages for them which she had once counted upon as matters of course, but "It is well," she said,—"the necessity of putting forth all their powers and making the most of all their means is better than Harvard for my boys, and the 'first masters' for my girls." She now truly honoured her husband's memory, and justified his love.

She made her home a scene of cheerfulness to her children, a pleasant gathering-place to her friends.

What had become of the elegant leisure, the luxurious indolence of Emily Winthrop? They had given place to virtuous, productive activity. Where was the invalidism that all the appliances of love had but served to nurture?

No allopathy, homœopathy, or hydropathy had been called in, but mental energy and heart-energy had supplied that wonderful power called nervous energy; and from day to day, and year to year her strength was equal to the demands upon it.

The young maiden invested with beauty and hope and promise, strikes our imagination. The happy wife has all our sympathies; but she who extracts patience and peace from her own privations, who converts her own weakness into strength for others, who in her own waste places produces flowers and fruits for them, who walks alone through rough places leaning on the Unseen—she—the sanctified widow—has our highest reverence.

A FAREWELL.

BY L. J. CIST.

I.

Dreams of my youth—Farewell!
The dreams my boyhood knew,
When fancy o'er me first, her spell
Of blest enchantment threw—
Weaving, with thousand threads,
A golden tissue fair,
For ruthless time to tear in shreds,
And scatter to the air:
Visions of love and joy!
Gay dreams! the magic spell
Ye cast around me, when a boy,
Is broken now!—Farewell!

II.

Hopes of my youth—Adieu!
Fair plants of earlier years,
Warmed by whose sunny smiles ye grew
To perish since, in tears:

Fond hopes, too bright to last,
Where now's your dwelling-place?
In the sad memories of THE PAST
Your airy flight I trace:
Hopes, whose aspiring aim
'Twere mockery now to tell—
High hopes of Honours, Wealth, and Fame,
All perished now!—Farewell!

III.

LOVE OF MY YOUTH—Farewell!
The fairest thou, of all
The many cherished dreams, whose spell
Held my young heart in thrall:
A form too bright for Earth,
Wherein, by Fancy blent,
Was all earth's loveliness and worth
In one embodiment!
Time was, of thoughts that came
From feeling's deepest cell;
The fondest started at *thy* name—
'Tis ended now!—Farewell!

IV.

LYRE OF MY YOUTH—Adieu!
Whose chords, though feebly swept,
My spirit's strength could yet renew
When tears I else had wept:
Thine still the gentle tone—
When pressed by care and pain,

So well according with my own—
I sought, nor sought in vain.
Scarce from thy quivering strings,
Neglected long thy spell,
My faltering touch this faint note wrings;
And now, sweet lyre—Farewell!

MANHOOD.

BY THE REV. M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE.

——"No mountain can
Measure with a perfect man.
For it is on temples writ,
Adamant is soft to wit."

EMERSON.

WHAT language can fully develope the world of meaning which seeks expression in this single word! It is the symbol of the most comprehensive idea which creation affords,—the sign of presence for that central thought around which all other thoughts conform. It embodies the perfected work of Him who is perfection; and brings to the ear the echo of that voice, which, when *man* was fashioned, and not till then, pronounced *everything* very good. It surpasses even the Paradise of unfallen humanity, and pictures to the mind the liveliest semblance which could be given, of Him who will sanction no image of himself, save that which His own power has wrought, and into which His spirit has breathed the breath of life!

Infancy wins upon our regard by its helplessness and dependence. Childhood arrests our love and wonder by its innocence, its faith, its swelling germs of greatness. Youth fills our hearts with affectionate solicitude, by its buoyancy, its glad hope, its matured and impatient energies, its manifest capacity for good, and fearful liability to evil. Manhood overwhelms us, by the demonstration of its godlike power,—that finished type of creation, for which all things else were made! Its attainment is an event more signal than the accession of a king to his throne;—it is a dignity greater than the princes of the earth can bestow. It has in it the essence of true nobility.

> "Rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the gold for a' that."

This would be an overstrained description of manhood, if it were limited in meaning to a bare legal complement of years. Many a youth deceives himself with the vain expectation that time is hastening to make him a man, and that he has but to drift passively on its current, into the possession of all those high immunities which belong of right to our perfected nature. He expects to be fashioned like a rock, or a tree, by the slow, and spontaneous accretion of what is destined to constitute his integrity; and looks with wistful, almost envious regard upon one who has grown to the stature which gives a semblance of maturity;—as if immortal man, like an ox, or an ass, could manifest his ripeness by bulk and strength. Manhood involves in its meaning, not so much what we may have in common with the brutes, as what is distinctive of our race,—maturity of *mind and soul.*

No exhibition is more revolting to one of true perceptions, than the vanity of personal development which some creatures display, who have nothing of the man about them except the tenement of flesh which God built for manhood to reside in!—strutting and curvetting like a peacock in the sun, when a peacock's head would contain all the sentient brain which they possess.

In common parlance, we speak as if manhood were a common thing; and *men* are thought to abound in every multitude; but, in truth, manhood is as rare as diamonds, and he has had a vision of glory, who has looked upon the being whom the angels that chaunted the introit of our first father to the holy earth, would acknowledge as a man. Manhood bespeaks the lofty mind—the generous soul; it is the result of culture, not the product of years. It developes by its own activity, and not by physical expansion, or extraneous appliances. It may become morally colossal, by the blessing of Heaven on its accumulative energies,—or its very germ may die out by apathy, and leave but the living carcass,—a monument of superfluous magnificence, to tell of the littleness that has been, and is not.

Manhood is attainable by all, but cometh not like property, by descent. He who would gain it, must earn it by patient toil. It is above, not below him; no moral gravitation will bring him unerring to its sphere. He who would reach it, must climb up to it, as a tourist to the top of a mountain! He is a hero, who, considerately regarding his splendid capacities, and his responsibility for their improvement, does not stand in awe of himself, and desire with trembling, that he had been made less ample for reception, or had been better supplied by the gratuitous bounty of Heaven.

The pride of the natural heart leads many to presume, that they are what they might be,—and from them we hear rhapsodies on the dignity of man. They take affront at every admonition which bids him cultivate the *elements* of high character, and confess themselves obnoxious to only such instruction as assumes its considerable advancement and provides for its perfection. The moral dignity of man attaches not to his actual position, but to his privilege of surpassing it. And, for the lofty superstructure to which he may be raised, there needs not the mad confidence, which will not look whether the foundation be secure, but the diligent and judicious adjustment of those substantial forms, on which a tower of moral strength and beauty may be raised, whose top shall reach even to Heaven.

The interest which attaches to maturity of years, when viewed in connexion with these waiting capabilities of man, is transcendent. When every instrument of the soul is seen to be complete, who can fail to be solicitous, whether the indwelling intelligence is ripe for their employment? When the manly form is developed in all its beauty,—strength and elasticity exuberant in every limb—life beaming in the eye—health flushing on the cheek — expansion and loftiness ennobling the brow,—who can suppress the inquiry, is there a tenant within worthy of this mansion?—a soul which can occupy and fill these rare apartments? Or is there here some little miserly spirit, crouching in a dim corner, proud of the splendour of its abode, which it has not the magnanimity to appreciate, nor the intelligence to use?

He, for whom nature is building such a soul-palace, should be diligent in the culture of those moral and mental attributes

which nature will not bestow, lest when the structure is completed, it serve no better purpose than to foster at once his own vanity, and draw upon him the scorn of others. For the wind which swells a bubble, while it attracts attention to the greatness of the circumference, illustrates the thinness and transparency of the surface, and betrays the nothingness that is within.

A character formed on the true model, is now present to my thoughts. He passed his youth amid mountain scenery, and inhaled strong influences from its racy breezes. The grand and beautiful of nature transcribed itself upon his soul as the pendent willows reappear in the subjacent waters. Manual industry invigorated his youth, and rural friendships imbued the elements of his mind with true simplicity. The endowments of literary education came like the carvings which are brought to grace a magnificent building after the broad foundations were settled, and the substantial forms of the superstructure compacted. Nothing false or factitious could be insinuated between its nicely-adjusted parts.

His mind grappled with knowledge and took it into possession with masterly power, for its vigour was unworn, and grown restive for exercise.

Seclusion could not be held by such a character. He was called forth to enrich the many with his salubrious influences.

He stands in the high places of society, athletic as an Indian chief; with an intellect of transcendent power, enriched with varied learning; with a heart great as the greatest, replete with all noble sentiments, and kindly sympathies; and with manners simple, and honest as a little child's. The dignity

which consists in staid reserve, and constrained sobriety belongs not to him, but only that, which conscious of mental purity, results unbidden from the frank display of every thought and emotion.

The factitious world calls him sometimes frivolous, sometimes absent-minded and rude. He is but playful when his spirit falls into that mood, and enjoys occasions for its indulgence. He is sometimes absent in mind from the scene in which he personally stands; but 'tis a sweet vagrancy of nature, in which his thought, true to its destination, wanders from company, but never beguiles him into loss of himself. They who know him best admire him most for this token of the simplicity and truthfulness of his mind. He is never rude, though he often violates the precepts of Chesterfield. He is never courtly, though his voice is often attuned to the kindliest language, and his face beaming with benignant smiles. He is just the child of nature, speaking and acting what he feels; and always feeling as much of kindness towards his fellows as is consistent with the common depravity and his own high principle.

I have written him the child of Nature, but, in a lofty sense, he is the child of grace; his "adorning is the hidden man of the heart." Every faculty is consecrated to God. The high culture of his soul is the most conspicuous manifestation of his character. What is sanctified and spiritual in his nature, lends its grace and beauty to all his doings, and, like sunlight through the trees, which gilds every leaf and defines every shadow, it tells also of an unclouded sky, and a meridian sun above.

If earth were peopled with such men, it would not bring

forth thorns and briers in their pathway, nor would an angel, with flaming sword, forbid the access of any to the tree of life.

"If life were all like this to you and me,
How would it matter to be young or old?
Where is the privilege of youth's buoyancy,
Could we thus turn Time's iron scythe to gold?
The pleasures given
To man were all too great, and there would be
No want of heaven.

"Let us go forth, and resolutely dare,
With sweat of brow, to toil our little day,—
And if a tear fall on the task of care,
In memory of those spring-hours past away
Brush it not by!—
Our hearts to God! to brother-men
Aid, labour, blessing, prayer, and then
To these a sigh!"

HUMAN POWER.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Man, like his Eden sire, walks fresh from God,
In panoply of majesty and power;
And stands upon his mount of strength supreme,
Firm footed as the oak. The earth is his,
For he has forced the king of beasts to crouch, and brought
The eagle from his eyried crag, and made
A traffic of the seas leviathan;
And from the mountain's stubborn breast hath torn
Its iron heart, or traced the rich red ore
Along its shining veins. The vales, where erst
Free nature held her sabbath all the year,
He fills with week-day turmoil; and the woods
Are bowed before him, while the quiet trees
Are moulded into temples broad and high,
Or hewn to build the ocean's winged arks,
That link together far ends of the earth
With chains of Commerce over dangerous seas.
Man spreads the sail, and with his strong right arm
He holds the helm against the tempest's wrath;

Or when the treacherous reef is struck, he clasps
The fainting form and struggles to the shore.
He wears his country's arms, and faces death
To plant above the bulwarks of the foe
The standard of his native land.

Than this
A faculty diviner still is his;
For he hath on the walls of science stood,
Gray walls, whose towering turrets well-nigh reach
The prophet's dome of inspiration;—there
With all the book of space before him spread,
Hath read its starry pages, and transcribed
Its wonders for the waiting world below!

But man, endowed with all the powers of earth,
The form majestic, and the strong right arm,
With intellect to penetrate the skies,
T' unriddle the enigma of the stars,—
Must cast aside his dusty strength, and lay
His little knowledge humbly by, and take
The tender innocence which childhood wears,
And he shall be invested with the power,
The majesty, and wisdom of the immortals.

SCENE IN A STUDIO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WREATHS AND BRANCHES."

A distinguished sculptor destroyed some of his finest works, that they might not fall into the hands of an inexorable creditor.

Ye bring sweet balm
To many weary ones, O Night and Sleep!
But there are hearts which wake to keener sorrow,
When Nature's self is lulled to peaceful rest.
The rural city, bathed in evening dew,
Now sweetly slept; its myriad elms stirred not
Their lightest branches, as they feared to wake
The little birds whom late they rocked to sleep
Amid their clust'ring boughs, and the pale moon
Shone forth in brightness,—for the orbs of Heav'n
Pale not because they look on human wo.

'Tis midnight, yet a flick'ring torch still gleams
Within the sculptor's studio, whose light
Gives a new beauty to those forms of grace,
The emanations of one master-mind,
And called to life by his creative power.

The Artist grasps his chisel, but the glow
That mantles high upon his brow is not
The fire of new-born inspiration,
For Prometheus' self ne'er wore a look
Of such despairing agony. Oh, sure
It were a glorious thing to people earth
With thought made palpable, and chaining thus
The lightning-fire of Heaven, bid it flash forth
From lip and brow, instinct with majesty!
Yes! Genius is a gift unparalleled,
But guarded round with fearful swords of flame,
That foot profane tread not the hallowed ground.

With all his consciousness
Of power, the Sculptor felt, that, like the slave
Of Eastern clime whose breathing form was chained
To ghastly death, *his* soul was fettered fast
To a mere lifeless clod. Though rich in mind,
He long had struggled for the pittance poor
Less-gifted souls might easier win, than he
Whose element was not this world of care.
With what a look of wo he gazes now
Upon that work, to which so many days
And sleepless nights were giv'n! Now it neared
The image in his heart, the bright ideal,
Which it had been the effort of his life
To body forth, that generations yet
To come might gaze thereon, and kindling thought
And impulse new, to lofty virtue given,
Immutably attest its high divinity.

Not to perpetuate himself, had been
The Sculptor's aim, but to transfer the vision
Of his soul to men whom it might bless,
And thus discharge the high responsibility
Which every spirit owns, that innate feels
A revelation new from Heaven.

Ah! now a kindling smile lights up his eye—
Though Genius weep, it is not quenched in tears;—
Once more the Artist glories in his work,
And quite forgets that hands, most rude, ere long
Shall tear his idol from its secret shrine;
He feels again the ardour of his youth,
And fellowship with those, whose struggling life
Was but the prelude to the song of praise,
That since has gushed spontaneous from each heart
That felt their priceless worth, and mourned their fate.

But what is this? Has frenzy seized his brain?
Quick falls the mallet, not with well-aimed stroke,
To guide the skilful chisel, and perfect
The fair proportions.—Stay thy hand, rash man!
Comes there no voice from this, the beauteous child
Of thy creative thought, which cries, "Forbear!
One hour of madness must not thus destroy
The labour of thy ripened years."

'Tis done! The shivering marble falls around
The wo-bewildered man, who gazes now
With tearless eye upon that martyred one,
Whose shapeless trunk but seems his agony

To mock; yet onward recklessly he goes,
And all the beauteous ones that he had loved—
The Venus fair, the Manes of the ancient gods,
The busts of heroes, and the dreamlike ones,
With their life's fountain faintly gushing forth
From out the stricken rock, at his command—
All!—all must perish!—
Oh ruin dire! yet, sadder still the wreck
Of mind, which misery hath wrought.

THE MERIDIAN OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D.D.

Of all the forms of existence that come within the range of our senses, that which has the highest claims to our regard and veneration, is humanity. The world which we inhabit is a great and beautiful world. The bright orbs above us, which are for ever sweeping their courses through immensity, are so many glorious witnesses to the wisdom, the power, the majesty of the Creator: but all these worlds, with all the goodly furniture which they contain, are material; they move in obedience to the external impulses; the living principle does not pertain to them, unless it be in that humblest of all forms—vegetable existence. Ascending from the clods of the valley, we find ourselves in the animal kingdom: there are around us creatures innumerable, of various forms and habits, instinct with life, filling the several spheres and performing the several parts which the Creator has allotted to them; and though the different tribes rise above each other by perceptible gradations, and though some of them possess great instinctive sagacity and forecast, yet the boundary between the mere animal and

the man is so distinctly marked, that it is not easy, even by an effort of imagination, to confound them. It is true indeed that the beginning of human existence gives little more promise of intelligence or ability, than the commencement of mere animal life; if we had no experience on the subject, we should say that there was as much to indicate reason and greatness, and immortality in the bleating of the lamb, as in the crying of the child; but we quickly find that the faculties of the one are stationary, while those of the other are progressive; that the one is admirably fitted to perform its part as the creature of a day, while the other is endowed with a principle to whose developments and achievements it is impossible to assign a limit. There are indeed reasons enough why a man should think humbly of himself;—reasons growing out of his own self-depravation as well as of his original relative inferiority; and yet there is abundant cause why he should not dishonour himself as a noble piece of the divine workmanship;—why he should reverence his own nature in comparison even with the highest of the works of God that come within the field of his vision.

And if humanity is the brightest form of existence that belongs to this lower world, the noblest stage of humanity is its meridian. Infancy is indeed deeply interesting both for its helplessness and its loveliness. Youth is full of buoyancy and brightness and hope; we imagine that we see in it not only the embryo character of the man, but the elements of a future seraph or fiend. Old age too, with all its evil days and oppressive burdens, is in some respects, a glorious stage of existence; if it awakens our sympathy, it awakens our veneration also; and we often find ourselves admonished, instructed, even comforted by it, up to the very time that it disappears among

the shadows of the tomb. But the period that intervenes between youth and old age, is emphatically the season of action—the working-day of life. The sun is then at its meridian; and if man is not then a noble being, and does not perform a noble part, there is little reason to expect that there ever will be any record of him either on earth or in Heaven, in which he will have occasion to rejoice.

It is interesting to contemplate this period in its relation to the one that hath preceded it. It may be considered as the repository of all those influences which have been exerted, of those impressions which have been produced, from the moment that the seeds of thought and feeling began to germinate. The forming process began while the infant was yet in the cradle. The accents of maternal love, were responded to in emotions, which, however transient in their character, still left their impress upon the soul. The first objects with which the mind was conversant, the first lesson which it was taught, however little they may seem to have been heeded, have not improbably given to it a deep, perhaps a permanent tinge. And as childhood succeeds infancy, it brings with it its influences adapted to a somewhat higher development of the faculties; especially to the development of the social principle. The imitative faculty particularly is now called into exercise; and through this medium the mind is acted upon by other minds with certain and irresistible effects. And then, what an assemblage of influences are brought to bear upon the character through the period of youth, considered as distinct from childhood! How much is accomplished for good or evil by domestic influence, by the intellectual and moral atmosphere which pervades the family of which the individual is a member! What a varied and complicated instrumentality for forming the character

belongs to the whole matter of education! How much too depends upon casual associations; upon the connexions more or less important or enduring which a youth is likely to form; upon the thousand nameless circumstances by which his lot is sure to be marked! Indeed, it is not too much to say that, in all ordinary cases, the mind has received its decisive stamp before the opening of manhood; that it has accumulated all those great elements of thought, feeling, action, which are to constitute the basis of the permanent character.

Now let it be remembered, that as youth is the training season for manhood, so mature manhood is the legitimate heir to all the impressions and acquisitions of youth. Whatever intellectual furniture may have been gathered—whatever moral habits, good or bad, may have been formed—during the earlier years, all, all becomes the property of the man; and if the faculties have opened under benign influences, and have received a virtuous direction, manhood, in the very commencement of its career, is, in the best sense, rich. There may be, or there may not be, in its possession an abundance of this world's goods, but be that as it may, there is that better portion, that becomes incorporated with the mind itself—there is the foundation of a noble character—there is the pledge of an exalted destiny.

Now let us view enlightened and virtuous manhood, in its direct actings, both upon itself and upon the world. The spirit of a man, in the circumstances which are here supposed, is always brightening into a better and more glorious form. It is subjected to a deep and constant culture; and what it has gained in youth, instead of satisfying its lofty aspirations, is only regarded as the first step in the career of true greatness. By vigorous and well-directed exercise, the mind becomes more and more acquainted with its own powers; it learns to

fathom depths which had once seemed to it unfathomable; it discovers in itself a capacity for bold and lofty action, of which, in the days of its youth and feebleness, it had never dreamed; in a word, it gets more and more imbued with a sense of its own inherent dignity, and acts more and more in accordance with the character and will of the Creator.

But while manhood, walking in the light of truth and duty, is always growing brighter in its aspirations, and stronger in its powers, and nobler in its whole character, let it not be forgotten that it acts with a benign and powerful influence upon other minds;—as the case may be, upon an entire community, or even upon the world. It is true, indeed, that both the earlier and the later stages of life have their duties, and important duties too, devolved upon them; and the aged particularly, are sometimes put in requisition for services of the highest moment—services, for which nothing short of a long experience could qualify them; but after all, it remains true, that all the great interests of society are entrusted peculiarly to the keeping and direction of those in middle life. Who are they that stand foremost in the walks of civil influence and authority, who can scarcely speak in a corner, but that what they say takes the form of a law, and flies almost with the speed of a sunbeam all over the nation? Who are they that minister at the altar with the greatest effect; on whom the church relies most for edification and comfort—for spiritual growth and spiritual victories? Who are they that oppose the most effectual resistance to physical maladies; or that plead with best success the cause of the orphan and the widow; or that act with greatest efficiency in aiding the cause of human philanthropy,—in drying away the fountains of human wo? In short, who are they on whom we rely most

for making the world wiser and better; for performing that intelligent, active, merciful ministration, in which God himself shall co-operate for restoring our world to something like its primeval dignity and bliss? Surely, every one must answer, that the men who are accomplishing these great ends are chiefly they who have reached their maturity, but whose faculties have not begun to wane; in other words, men who are in the full vigour and strength of manhood. They may, indeed, have their efficient auxiliaries from the ranks of youth or the ranks of age; but the moving power rests with *them;* in them emphatically are bound up the elements of the weal or the wo of the next generation.

But *middle life* sustains a deeply interesting relation to the period that follows, as well as to the period that precedes it. It often happens indeed that it is, itself, the closing stage of life; though there are many instances in which it is otherwise,—in which it is followed even by a protracted old age. But when this latter period comes there is usually more or less of physical infirmity attending it; there are cheerless and cloudy days, in which the faculties sometimes covet a repose which they cannot find; the very grasshopper becomes a burden; and everything marks the frame, the intellect, the whole man, as having reached the period of endurance rather than of action. But supposing the energies of manhood to have been consecrated to the interests of virtue, to the promotion of human happiness, manhood has laid up rich consolations for old age;—it has furnished for it a treasury of grateful recollections, which will enable it to live out the evil days, and go home to its final resting-place with serenity, and even joy. Suppose the illustrious Wilberforce had given the meridian of his life, the days of his greatest usefulness, to some frivolous employment, which would have either given his faculties a wrong direction, or left

them to rust in indolent inaction; and suppose the world had not been the better for his having lived in it during that period, what a different complexion would this circumstance have imparted to his last days and hours: he might indeed have fastened his eye in penitence upon the cross, and there might have found a refuge for his troubled spirit; but there would have been nothing in his life, at least in the best period of it, upon which his eye could have reposed with one grateful emotion. As manhood is the time when the spirit is most vigorous, and most capable of heroic and successful effort, so it cannot be but that the record of what it has been and what it has done, will be contemplated with the utmost concern, in the vale of age and the yet deeper valley of death.

It is scarcely necessary to add that a virtuous manhood connects itself most intimately with the rewards to be bestowed in a better life. For notwithstanding these rewards are bestowed in virtue of a gracious constitution, yet they have respect to the amount of suffering endured, of service performed, in the cause of God and of his creatures. And if manhood makes the largest contributions to the welfare of the race, then surely its efforts will be crowned with a proportionably glorious reward. Ye, who are spending to little or no purpose these golden years of your existence, remember that this will tell fearfully on your eternal condition. Ye, who are spending them in making noble acquisitions of truth and goodness, in going up and down the world on errands of good-will, in using your various faculties for the very purpose for which they were given—"I say unto you, be of good cheer, for great is your reward in Heaven." Your faculties shall hereafter brighten into the vigour of a more glorious manhood, while you connect the future with the present in ascriptions of boundless praise.

THE ANCIENT MAIDEN.

I.

Her silvery hair
Is braided with care,
As early her grandmother taught her;
And gentleness lies
Enshrined in her eyes,
Like moonlight in tranquilest water.

II.

Each year that has past
Its shadow has cast,
To deepen her lovely expression;
The lines that awhile
Were seen in a smile,
Now fixed, are in quiet possession.

III.

To one whom the tomb
Enclosed in his bloom,
Her early affections were given;

She knelt by his side,
As calmly he died,
In blessed assurance of Heaven.

IV.

Repinings were hushed;
The casket was crushed,—
The humble its treasures are wearing;
The poor and reviled,
The mourner and child,
The love she had garnered are sharing.

V.

She cheerfully bears
Her burden of cares,
And smiles in her desolate dwelling;
Nor minds that her name
Continues the same
As when she was tutored in spelling.

VI.

The children rejoice
To hear her sweet voice,
And cease from their noisy commotion,
While lisping their notes
From innocent throats,
They join in her evening devotion.

VII.

The love of the Lord,
That heavenly chord,
In childhood with music was laden;
Adversity's stroke
Its melody woke,
To cheer the decline of the maiden.

ARIA.

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT.

From the French of Lamartine.

I.

O'erworn with watching, wo, and hopeless care,
A wrestler foiled that yields to dull despair.
"In vain," I cried, "is morning's smile so bright,
Nature with beauty cheats our wondering eyes,
And Heaven, arrayed in gold and vermeil dyes,
But mocks our misery with its pageant light.

II.

"'Tis all illusion—all a passing dream!
A vision, born of Hope's deceitful gleam;
Man's sole reality his cureless wo!
This spark of life that shoots athwart our gloom,
For one brief instant doth the soul illume,
And straight is gone, in other breasts to glow.

III.

"The more we look, the gloom is more profound.
God, 'tis a phantasy—an empty sound—
A dark abyss—where thought no shore can find!
And all that moves or sparkles in the ray,
Are like the light clouds on the dusty way,
Which the unconscious traveller leaves behind."

IV.

I said—and turned with envy to behold
Those forms which but a mindless life unfold,
Whose sleep at least no torturing vision knows;
On wood and rock my passing glance was thrown,
And thus it said to brute, and stock, and stone—
"Hail! brethren! I shall share your dull repose!"

V.

My glance, far wandering, with the seaman's strain,
That seeks his course across the trackless main,
Sudden was stayed upon a lowly bed;
A tomb—sad prison of a cherished trust—
Where the green turf, that hides my mother's dust,
Grew, 'neath the tears a mourning hamlet shed.

VI.

There, when that angel, veiled in woman's frame,
In God exhaled her spirit's holy flame
As sinks the dying lamp when morn is near,

Beside the altar's shade she loved so well,
My hands prepared her cold and narrow cell,
To her the portal of a happier sphere!

VII.

There sleeps in hope, she, whose expiring eyes
Smiled on my own, till death had stilled her sighs,
And chilled that heart, of love the large abode;
That breast which nourished me with tenderest care,
Those arms that did my wayward childhood bear,
Those lips from which my all of blessing flowed!

VIII.

There sleep her SIXTY YEARS of one sole thought;
A life with charity and goodness fraught,
Hope, innocence, and love devoid of strife;
So many prayers in secret sent on high,
Such faith in death—such deeds that should not die—
Such virtues pledged for an immortal life!

IX.

So many nights in kindly vigils spent;
So many alms to want and suffering lent;
So many tears poured forth for others' wo;
So many sighs breathed towards a better land—
Such gentle patience 'neath the Chastener's hand—
Bearing a life whose crown is not below.

X.

And wherefore? That a darksome pit might hide
The being for a mortal sphere too wide?
That richer foliage this base sod might kiss?

That these death-weeds which o'er her relics wave,
Might grow more greenly on the humble grave?—
A little ashes had sufficed for this!

XI.

No, no! to deck three paces of the earth,
The Maker gave not that vast spirit birth;
That soul sublime died not with failing breath!
In vain I linger by this mound of gloom;
O Virtue! thou art stronger than the tomb;
Thy aspect banishes the dusk of death!

XII.

Oppressed no more—no more to fears a prey,
Mine eyes awaited thence a heavenly day;
Faith, to my darkened heart, new sunlight gave.
Happy whom God has given a friend so rare!
Though life be hard, and Death his terrors wear,—
Who—who can doubt upon a Mother's Grave?

A STRONG MAN NEVER CHANGES HIS MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS,

OR, A CONTRAST BETWEEN THE APOSTLES PAUL AND JOHN.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

THERE is no error more common than to erect a single standard by which to judge every man. Temperament and mental peculiarities do not change with the moral character. The man of fierce and ardent nature, who loves excitement and danger, and enjoys the stern struggle and field of great risks, does not become a lamb because his moral nature is renovated. His best energies will pant for action as much as ever, but seek different objects and aim at nobler results. Half the prejudice and bigotry among us grows out of the inability, or *unwillingness*, to allow for the peculiar temperament or disposition of others. The world is made up of many varieties, and our Saviour seems to have had this fact in view when he chose his Apostles. As far as we know their characters, they were widely different, and stand as representatives of distinct classes of men. The object of this doubtless was to teach us charity. Take three of them, Peter, John, and Paul, (the latter afterwards chosen, but by divine

direction,) and more distinct, unlike men cannot be found. Peter, like all Galileans, who resembled very much the Jewish nation in character, was rash, headlong, and sudden in his impulses. Such a man acts without forethought. When Christ appeared on the shore of the lake, Peter immediately jumped overboard and swam to him. On the night of the betrayal, when the furious rabble pressed around his Master, he never counted heads, but drew his sword and laid about him, cutting off an ear of the High Priest's servant. Such a man loves to wear a sword; we venture to say he was the only Apostle who did. When Christ said, "All of you shall be offended because of me this night," Peter was the first to speak, declaring confidently that, though all the others might fail, yet he would not. Said he, "*Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee.*" A few hours after, under an equally sudden impulse, he not only denied him, but swore to the lie he uttered. Paul could not have done this, without becoming an apostate. He acted deliberately, and with forethought and decision. Peter's repentance was as sudden as his fault—one reproachful, mournful look, scattered the fear, which had mastered his integrity, to the wind, and he went out and wept bitterly.

But the contrast we love to contemplate most of all, is that exhibited by John and Paul. In the former, sentiment and sympathy predominated over the intellectual powers, while the latter was all intellect and force. The former was a poet by nature—kind, generous, and full of emotion. He loved to rest in the Saviour's bosom and look up into his face. His was one of those natures which shun the storm and tumult of life, and are happy only when surrounded with those they love. Perfectly absorbed in affection for Christ, he had no other

wish but to be near him—no other joy but to drink in his instructions, and receive his caress. Even if he had not been a Christian, he would have possessed a soul of the highest honour, incapable of deceit and meanness. He betray, or deny his master! Every faculty he possessed, revolted at the thought.

No threats or torture can unwind a mother's arms from her child. If torn from it, she goes through danger from which the boldest shrink to embrace it again. So when the Roman soldiery and the clamorous rabble closed darkly around the Saviour, Mary was nearer the cross than they all, and heeded not their scoffs, feared not their violence. There too stood John by her side, rivalling even the mother in love. He forgot he had a life to lose—he did not even hear the taunts that were rained upon him, nor see the fingers of scorn that pointed at his tears. Christ, in the midst of his sufferings, was struck with this matchless love, and bade him take his place as a son to his afflicted mother.

Throughout his life, he exhibits this warm and generous nature; his epistles are the outpourings of affection,—and love, love is his theme from first to last. Place him in what relations you will, and he displays the same lovely character. When banished to Patmos, he trod the solitary beach, lulled by the monotonous dash of waves at his feet, he was placed in a situation to develope all the sternness and energy he possessed, yet he is the same submissive, trusting spirit as ever. When addressed by the voice from heaven, he fell on his face as a dead man; and when the heavens were opened on his wondering vision, and the mysteries and glories of the inner sanctuary were revealed to his view, he stood and wept at the sight. In strains of sublime poetry, he pours forth his rapt

soul, which, dazzled by the effulgence around it, seems almost bewildered and lost.

And when the lamp of life burned dimly, and his tremulous voice could hardly articulate, he still spoke of love. It is said he lived to be eighty years of age, and then, too feeble to walk, was carried into the church on men's shoulders, and, though scarce able to speak, would faintly murmur: "*Brethren, love one another.*" Affection was his life, and it seemed to him that the world could be governed by love.

But while he was thus breathing forth his affectionate words, Paul was shaking Europe like a storm. Possessing the heart of a lion, he too could love, but with a sternness that made a timorous nature almost shrink from his presence. Born on the shores of the Mediterranean, with the ever-heaving sea before him, and an impenetrable barrier of mountains behind him, his mind early received its tendencies, and took its lofty bearing.

In Jerusalem, he had scarcely completed his studies, before he plunged into the most exciting scenes of those times. The new religion, professing to have the long-promised Messiah for its founder, agitated the entire nation. To the proud, young scholar, those ignorant fishermen, disputing with the doctors of the law, and claiming for their religion a superiority over his own, which had been transmitted through a thousand generations, and been sanctioned by a thousand miracles and wonders, were objects of the deepest scorn. Filled with indignation, and panting for action, he threw himself boldly into the struggle, and became foremost in the persecution that followed. Arrested by no obstacles, softened by no suffering, he roamed the streets of Jerusalem like a fiend, breaking even into the retirement of the Christian's home,

dragging thence women and children, and casting them into prison. One of those determined men, who, once having made up their minds to a thing, can be turned aside by no danger, not even by death, he entered soul and heart into the work of extermination.

Inflexible, superior to all the claims of sympathy, and master even of his own emotions, he, in his intellectual developments, was more like Bonaparte than any other man in history. He had the same immovable will—the same utter indifference to human suffering, after he had once determined on his course—the same tireless, unconquerable energy—the same fearlessness both of man's power and opinions—the same self-reliance and control over others. But especially were they alike in the union of a strong and correct judgment, with sudden impulse and rapidity of thought, and, more than all, in their great practical power. There are many men of strong minds whose force nevertheless wastes itself in reflection or in theories. Thought may work out into *language*, but not in *action*. They will *plan*, but they cannot *perform*. But Paul not only *thought* better than all other men, but he could *work* better.

As, in imagination, I behold him in that long journey to Damascus, whither his rage was carrying him, I often wonder whether, at night, when, exhausted and weary, he pitched his tent amid the quietness of nature, he did not feel doubts and misgivings creep over his heart, and if that stern soul did not relent. As the sun stooped to his glorious rest in the heavens, and the evening breeze stole softly by, and perchance the note of the bulbul filled the moonlight with melody, it must have required nerves of iron to resist the soothing influences around him. Yet, young as he was, and thus open to the beauties of nature, he seemed to show no misgivings.

But the wonderful strength of his character is exhibited no where more strikingly, than when smitten to the earth and blinded by the light and voice from Heaven. When the trumpet arrested the footsteps of John, on the isle of Patmos, he fell on his face as a dead man, and dared not stir or speak till encouraged by the voice from on high, saying, "*Fear not!*" But Paul,—or Saul, as he was then called,—though a persecutor and sinner, showed no symptoms of alarm or terror. His powerful mind at once perceived the object of this strange display of Divine power, and took at once its decision. He did not give way to exclamations of terror, or prayers for safety, but, master of himself and his faculties, said, "*Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?*" *Something was to be done,* he well knew; this sudden vision and voice were not sent to terrify, but to convince, and ever ready to act, he asked what he should do.

The persecutor became the persecuted, and the proud student, the humble, despised disciple of Jesus of Nazareth, and leaving the halls of learning, and companionship of dignitaries, he cast his lot in with the fishermen.

This was a great change, and religion effected it all, yet it could not alter his mental characteristics. He was just as determined, and resolute, and fearless, as ever.

He entered Jerusalem and made the Sanhedrim shake with his eloquence. Cast out of the city, he started for his native city—for the home of his boyhood—his father's house—his kindred and friends. Thence to Antioch and Cyprus, along the coast of Syria to Greece and Rome,—over the known world he went like a blazing comet, waking up the nations of the earth.

John in giving an account of the revelations made to him, declares that he wept at the sight. Paul, in his calm, self-col-

lected manner, when speaking of the heavens opened to his view, says simply, that he saw things which were not lawful for man to utter. From the top of Mars Hill, with the gorgeous city at his feet, and the Acropolis and Parthenon behind him,—on the deck of his shattered vessel, and in the gloomy walls of a prison—he speaks in the same calm, determined tone. Deterred by no danger—awed by no presence, and shrinking from no contest, he moves before us like some grand embodiment of power.

His natural fierceness often breaks forth in spite of his goodness. He quarrelled with Peter, and afterwards with Barnabas, because he insisted that Mark should accompany them in their visit to the churches. But on a former occasion Mark had deserted him, and he would not have him along again. Stern and decided himself, he wished no one with him who would blench when the storm blew loudest, and so he and Barnabas separated. Paul had rather go alone than have ten thousand by his side if they possessed fearful hearts.

So when the High Priest ordered him to be smitten, he turned like a lion upon him and thundered in his astonished ear, "*God shall smite thee, thou whited wall!*"

He would not submit to wrong unless made legal by the civil power, and then, he would die without a murmur. When his enemies who had imprisoned him illegally found he was a Roman citizen, they in alarm sent word to the jailor to release him. But Paul would not stir; "They have seized me wrongfully," said he, "and now let them come themselves and take me out publicly." He was stern but not proud, for he said, "I am the least of the saints, not fit to be called an Apostle." Bold, but never uncourteous—untiring, undismayed, and never cast down—love to God and man controlled all his acts. A

truer heart never beat in a human bosom. What to him was wealth! What the smiles or frowns of the great, and the triumph of factions! With a nobler aim, enthusiastic in a worthier cause, sustained by a stronger soul, he exclaimed, "*I glory in the cross.*" The sneering world shouted in scorn, "The cross, the cross!" to signify the ignominious death of his Master. "*The cross, the cross!*" he echoed back, "in tones of increased volume and power, till the ends of the earth caught the joyful sound." The united world could not bring a blush to his cheek or timidity to his eye. He could stand alone amid an apostate race and defy the fury of kings and princes. Calm, dignified and resolved, he took the path of duty, with an unfaltering step. No malice of his foes could deter him from labouring for their welfare—no insult prevent his prayer in their behalf—no wrongs heaped on his innocent head, keep back his forgiveness.

One cannot point to a single spot in his whole career where he lost his self-possession, or gave way to discouragement or fear. An iron man in his natural characteristics, he was nevertheless humble, meek, kind, and forgiving. And then his death,—how indescribably sublime! Bonaparte, dying in the midst of a storm, with the last words that escaped his lips a martial command, and his spirit, as it passed to its eternal home, watching in its delirium the current of a heavy fight, is a sight that awes and startles us. But behold Paul,—also a war-worn veteran, battered with many a scar, though in spiritual warfare—looking back not with remorse but joy—not clinging to the earth, but anxious to depart. Hear his calm, serene voice, ringing above the storms and commotions of life: "*I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at*

hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course,—there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

Thus passed away this powerful man. I have spoken but little of his moral character, of his faith, or religious teachings, but confined myself chiefly to those natural traits which belonged to him as a man, independent of that peculiar power and grace given him by God. Hence, I have treated him with a familiarity which might seem unwise, had I spoken of him as an *inspired Apostle.* I wished to show how widely apart in their characters men equally good may be.

THE CHILDLESS WIDOW.

I.

Our pastor left his cheerful hearth,
Where the fire was burning bright,
To bid me bless the Hand that had
On mine put out the light;
He told me it was wrong to weep,
And bade me dry mine eyes,
The smoke yet rising from the place
Of my last sacrifice.

II.

A fair young mother, full of joy,—
Life's journey just begun,—
Looked in upon my loneliness,
To say, "Thy will be done!"
She told the widow of threescore
To bow and kiss the rod,
Which had beaten her with many stripes,
Because it was of God.

III.

The rich man gave me of his gold,
And told me it would heal
The deepest and the sorest wound
That woman's breast could feel;
Alas! my bosom's yearning void
No gift of his can fill;
The mother's heart, her jewels lost,
Is poor and empty still.

IV.

The young and hopeful came to me,
And bade me cease to sigh;—
To look for brighter days to come,
And leave the days gone by.
They said this world was very fair,
And darkest clouds were given
Only to make more beautiful
The clear blue of the heaven.

V.

God help me in my wretchedness,
Lest sorrow shut my heart
From all who have not yet known grief,
Nor felt affliction's dart;
But send not those who never lost
A solace or a stay,
To tell me, 'tis His right who gives,
To take His own away.

VI.

With her youngest born about her neck,
Her eldest at her knee,
That happy mother cannot feel
For a childless one like me;
With her first young love to lean upon,
His true heart all her own,
She cannot mourn with the bereaved,
Left desolate, alone!

VII.

With his children all around him,
And her voice in his ear,—
Which Time has only made more soft,
And more serenely clear;—
Our Pastor cannot realize
The widow's lonely lot,
Whose mate is taken from her side,
Whose little ones are not.

VIII.

I would not have earth's joyful ones
Less happy or less glad,
Nor fetter down the light of heart,
Because my own is sad;
But when my heavenly Father's face
In wrath to me is shown,
With Him, who knoweth all my need,
I would be left alone.

ELIZABETH.

THE AGED PENITENT.

For centuries the Alpine rock will bear
The wintry snows, yet fall at last beneath
A single flake,—so, sixty years unmoved
He heard the eloquence of gifted men;
Yet now the words a child had lisped, had bowed
His spirit to the dust. She leaned upon
The Book, which rested on his knee, the while
Her dimpled finger pointed to the page
Where Jesus on the Cross was touchingly
Portrayed.

"Dear grandpapa, and did he die
For us?" with earnestness she said, and gazed
With dewy eyes upon his troubled face.
He paused to stay the tide which sudden gushed
From out the hidden fount the child had oped,
And then, with solemn tenderness, replied;—
"He died for us, and may we live for Him."
As human hands may vainly sweep across

Æolian chords, from which the zephyrs wake
The sweetest music, Earth had from his soul
But discord brought;—the Spirit o'er it swept,
And melody arose; the angels ceased their songs
To catch the sound, then struck their golden harps
In unison, and filled the courts of Heaven
With glad rejoicings.

S. S. T.

HAPPINESS IN A HOVEL.

"At the lower extremity of a steep and rugged lane, was seen an obscure and melancholy hovel. Within, the room was dark and dirty; there was nothing on the walls but the bare beams, ill joined to exclude the weather.

"There sat a figure, such as the pencil well might choose for the portrait of wretchedness. Quite gray, and very old, and scarcely clothed, a woman was seen sitting by the fire-place. Some remark being made on the wretchedness of her dwelling, her stern features almost relaxed into a smile, and she said, she did not think it so; and wished us all as happy as herself.

"'And you sit here all day, in pain and unable to move: are not the days long?'

"'How can they be long? Is not *He* with me? Is it not all *up—up*?' an expression she frequently made use of to describe the joyful elevation of her mind."

CAROLINE FRY.

I.

Did visions of Heaven
  Gleam in on thy sight?
Came the presence of angels
  In raiments of white?

II.

Did they point through the vista,
  The clouds and the gloom,
To a mansion all holy,
  Thine own prepared home?

III.

Did the portals of Heaven—
The pearl-gates—unfold?
Trod thine unfettered spirit
Those streets of pure gold?

IV.

Though Earth's cup of gladness
Ne'er sparkled for thee,
Yet a song of thanksgiving
Rose fervent and free.

V.

No earthly-formed barrier
Rose round thee, to bar
One ray of the beauty
Of Bethlehem's star.

VI.

Thou dweller so lonely,
Did Heavenly Love
Send a pinion all holy
Which bore thee above?

VII.

The feathers of silver—
The wings tipped with gold—
They who came but to pity,
Might never behold.

VIII.

From whence came the "white-robed?"
They passed into bliss,
Through dimness and darkness,
And shadows like this!

N.

THE GREAT ENIGMA.

BY THE REV. JOHN WILLIAMS.

I suppose this name may not improperly be applied to one of the mysteries of Life, which only the Christian Faith explains: the existence namely, of what we call good and evil, so indiscriminately among men, and so entirely without any regard to the excellence or worthlessness of their characters. None of course but a Christian Moralist can venture to write at all upon this perplexing subject. And even among them there are differences. St. Augustine in his noble treatise on the City of God, has adventured a lofty view of the matter, which furnishes the groundwork of the following lines. Indeed they are little more than a paraphrase of his deep and searching words.

I.

"He maketh His sun to rise on the evil, and on the good: and sendeth rain on the just, and on the unjust."

I.

Why fails thy heart, as though the Lord did fail,
Since good and ill live mingled here below?
Nor sin does always earthly wo entail,
Nor to the good, does joy unceasing flow.

II.

Measure not God in such unreal wise,
Nor mete thyself by things which fade and die;
Evil and good oft wear each other's guise,
Yet ne'er can cheat faith's trained and searching eye.

III.

In weal, the good are not lift up to pride,
Nor to the dust can wo their spirits bring;
While to the evil, let what may betide,
From weal or wo, due punishment shall spring.

IV.

And well that all these issues are not here
Made clear and palpable to mortal sense;
If all were punished, where were judgment's fear?
If none, where then were faith in Providence?

V.

And if no earthly good to prayer were given,
Who but would cry God had it not to give?
Were none withheld, with eyes turned back from heaven,
Grasping and greedy earthlings we should live.

VI.

Not here the difference lies. All have their cross;
The suffering one, and yet the sufferers, twain;
One fire makes pure the gold, and melts the dross,
One wind blows off the chaff, and clears the grain.

VII.

Then wonder not that God to all has given
Earth's goods and ills alike: but ponder well,
How the same lot that trains the Saint for heaven,
Can make the sinner but more meet for hell.

II.

"Great are the troubles of the righteous."

I.

Yet are the righteous troubled! So God's law
Doth order, for that no man sinneth not;
And sin must e'er in train some evil draw;
Lest man grow bold, and judgment be forgot.

II.

Nor lives the soul that loves not life too well,
Too closely clinging to the loved on earth:
Nor less than suffering can undo the spell,
Whose magic e'en outlasts the second birth.

III.

And who lest foes his peace should rudely break,
But sometimes unrebuked leaves sin to reign?
And shall not God the slumberer's heart awake,
By stern but wholesome ministries of pain?

IV.

Or how can he be proved and tried in love,
Who has not trod the way of Christ his king?

How fare in pilgrim-weeds to homes above,
Save by the lowly paths of suffering?

v.

Then, Christian! think not here at ease to dwell;
Dream not of joy unheralded by wo;
But know that God shall full deliverance give,
Though seven times heated shall the furnace glow!

RETROSPECTION.

BY O. E. D.

It is the prerogative and business of mankind, as compared with beings of a lower order, to regard the past and the future as well as the present. The strength and controlling influence of this habit, make a part of the distinction of all cultivated and thoughtful minds, but it enters more or less into every man's common life. We were not made to live in the present only. We have instincts that look before and behind. As our senses take in what is now about us, and consciousness relates to what is now within us, so memory turns to what has been, and hope to what shall be, whether without or within. We attempt to create the future and to renew the past, never wholly content with the present, except as the transition from the one to the other. This we do apart from any calculation of necessity or advantage, according to laws of our being, from which we cannot quite escape if we would. The faculties of the mind, like bodily senses and limbs, will not lie inactive while there is life. They are not powers merely, but propensities or impulses, which must in some measure do their appropriate work.

If we think of human life, or the successive circumstances of our being, that occupation of our thoughts, which we call Retrospection, is seen to be unavoidable. As we live on from year to year, the materials on which memory is to act are accumulating. According to the trite saying, we are ever changing with a changing world. Things grow and decay, events come and go, about us. We ourselves keep moving through the scenery of life. New prospects open, old prospects become present sights, scarcely recognised as the same, and then are seen with new differences in the distance behind us. The lights and shades shift around us "from morn till noon—from noon to dewy eve." Our own vision changes not less than its objects. Thus our station comes to be no longer where it once was, at the outset of our interminable path, but somewhere in the broad field of time, where our view is divided between the region we have travelled over and that which lies indefinable and obscure before us.

In such a condition, memory will do its work, taking hold of its objects as time multiplies their number and bearings. There may be enough to call forth its utmost, intensest activity. There are those whose lives, even before middle age, seem to have anticipated more than the common vicissitudes of the world, and such persons easily lose sight of the present, and scarcely care for the future, in the absorbing contemplation of the past. But only to live on, from one stage to another, to become a common man with the common experience of youth and childhood, is enough to feed remembrance. We have all been sowing seeds, whether of joy or grief, or of both, which now in this way if in no other, we are reaping. The past is something which the mind keeps hold of, and will not let go. We have not the prerogative of utter forgetfulness

even if it should seem desirable. The places that have known us may know us no more, yet, whether they were gardens and vineyards, or wildernesses and wastes, while we live, our thoughts will return to them, and so we must visit them again. In this sense, as well as another, "it is not all of life to live."

Something of melancholy regret is commonly inseparable from the review of life. Here, as in numberless instances, mankind hardly appreciate the difference nor yet the resemblance among themselves. Since one sets out in life on the summit-level of all external advantages, another at the lowest point, and either may "hold his own," or take the other's place; while some, perhaps the most favoured of all, may keep the middle course, in which it was their lot to set out; how various the materials in store for their several reviews! From time to time, all are looking back, exulting in their gain, or sighing over their loss. Yet a melancholy shade steals over their brightest review, as we fain believe also that the darkest is not without some relief. He whose origin is hardly discoverable, except by himself, is pleased to remember the obscurity, ignorance, poverty, and various adversity, from which he has steadily risen to the high places of society; but notwithstanding all that is gained, is nothing lost? He cannot fathom the sorrow of such as have felt storm after storm burst over their heads, and are left to mourn for the rich treasures that were once the freight of their life; and still less the grief and shame of those who have fallen into the depths of crime, as well as of improvidence. Yet, amidst all his prosperity, he recalls enjoyments past and advantages forfeited, for which he seems to find no equivalent. If we say that we are happier now than at any former period, still we must allow that we then had advantages and enjoyments which might further

enrich our present store. We see plainly why it is that recollection becomes intensely painful to those whose course is clouded by crime or only by misfortune; but why is it that there is at least an element of melancholy in every man's remembrance of the past?

This fact of itself casts a shade over the review of life—that there is for us a Past; that the track of years should have been thus far travelled over, instead of lying still before us; that this measure of a life, not too long at best, is already quite spent; that if it could all be lived again, it would be so much added to what yet remains. Then there is the more affecting consideration, that the materials or subjects of such recollections belong mainly to early years. The time remembered, had the freshness of our spring-time, the dew of our morning. All that makes childhood happy and lovely, the simplicity of heart and buoyancy of spirit, the unworn sensibilities that render the mere sense of existence pleasurable, unconscious health, freedom from care, implicit reliance on parental providence, unsuspecting union of heart with heart under the shelter of home; all these things we remember, and for these the world can afterwards afford no substitute that shall make us forget them. In a moment, our thoughts fly back to the place we first called home; we hear a mother's or a sister's voice again; we look up reverently to a father's eye; we recognise all the faces and forms that then encircled us; we gather to the same table, lie down in the same chamber, and go forth to daily sports in the well-known walks and shades. We are sure that we were happy in those days, and not the less so because then unconscious of any peculiar happiness; and we are sure that whatever may be our present store, that treasure cannot be ours again. But this is not all.

A part of that early enjoyment grew out of our ignorant and untried state. Since that time, we have necessarily become disciples in that department, of which it may be truly said, that "he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." Acquaintance with the world shows us that it is indeed a fallen world. By painful contact with the human heart, we find it to be as imperfect and prone to evil as the Scriptures taught us to suppose. Melancholy, indeed, it is to learn, by trial, the selfishness, malignity, insincerity, and earthliness of mankind.

While learning this lesson concerning others, have we not learned it of ourselves also, and from time to time furnished new reasons for the same painful conviction? Childhood, though not by any means a sinless state, as some fondly represent it, is yet, in comparison with after life, the season of innocence. Let a man of the world remember what he was before his judgment was perverted and his affections were spoiled or withered, when passion had not consumed his heart and excesses had not seared his conscience, and then let him turn to his present self, if he can, without a melancholy conviction of his degeneracy. Even spiritual renovation does not utterly extinguish all the unhallowed fires that have before been kindled in the soul. How many evil tendencies, how many pernicious habits of thought and feeling, still cling to the Christian disciple, like shreds of a cast-off garment which he wore too long. Moral evil accumulates with years, increasing burdens on the memory. Its stain easily spreads over the whole man. His spiritual enemies, when they have been long in possession of him, tyrannize the more dreadfully, and even if vanquished, they persist in the more obstinate struggle for their old ascendency. On the other hand, a child is hardly conscious of even those seeds of evil that are already germi-

nating in his own mind. Their development goes on, often with startling rapidity, till it can be no longer hidden from himself nor mistaken, and though it be checked and counteracted by the most favourable domestic and religious influences, he cannot become a man without some painful acquisitions of self-knowledge. After such experience, he is compelled sometimes not only to reproach himself for his delinquencies, but to think of his early days as on the whole his best days. Thus it is, that apart from the calamitous changes which leave some men broken-hearted mourners over prosperity lost, but never to be forgotten, we all find something of melancholy regret inseparable from the review of life.

Along with such recollections, a good man often finds in his own history another and a peculiar occasion for regret. As a spiritual being, who has begun to live according to his conscience and the divine testimonies, he not only anticipates for himself hereafter a satisfaction which outward and sensible things alone cannot give, but already experiences in some degree a kind of enjoyment, which corresponds to what he is expecting. This too, is at times impaired, and even wholly suspended, if not ultimately lost. He recalls, not without self-reproach, the more prosperous seasons in his religious history. And not unfrequently the two kinds of adversity—the one relating to the body, the other to the soul—come together, each making the other felt the more acutely. Living with higher aims and habits of deeper reflection than common men, he has learned more of his own heart, and such knowledge of itself leads to an unpleasant comparison between the earlier stages of his Christian life and the present. His former faith in the promises of God, and delight in all His testimonies, the satisfaction he once found in prayer, his cheerfulness in all

religious duties, his complacency in Christian ordinances and fellowship and efforts, his peace of conscience, and serene hope of usefulness and of heaven,—these were the treasures of his soul, but where are they now?

Let us remind ourselves, however, that mere regret in view of the past is unreasonable. It is not in our power always to forget lost good, nor would it be desirable; but we may render such recollections less painful than they often are, and better than a melancholy pleasure, by subjecting them to a wise regard for our present and future advantage. Regret alone is unreasonable. It puts a false estimate on the past. Memory, like hope, is commonly delusive. The past, though clearly remembered, like the future when most clearly anticipated, is but partially considered. Its pleasures are vividly recalled, while its pains are forgotten. The evils we then felt have faded from our view, while its enjoyments are in some degree exaggerated. The complaints once made are forgotten; but they are really transferred to our existing condition. That must be a mistaken estimate of good and evil which makes men always dissatisfied with the present, because they are disconsolate for the past or sanguine for the future. Such discontent, in connexion with hope, is expressed in the saying, "Man never is, but always to be, blest." He is not less unreasonable, if he never is, but always has been, blest. That is a loose reckoning which makes happiness past, always greater than present happiness. If the past could be restored, it would not be what we imagine; but even if our estimate were just, every longing is here ineffectual. Tears cannot revive the faded flowers of past years. Others may spring up, but these have no resurrection. In the meantime, regret alone is worse than unavailing. It disqualifies us for the successful discharge of

our present duties. This hour is overlooked in contemplation of the past, and its peculiar blessings are not adequately sought. Idle wishes enervate the spirit. Discontent takes the place of a calm and thankful industry. No loss is repaired, no enterprise is attempted, no new advantage is secured. The unhappy man who has fallen into this condition, comes to look only with a discoloured eye on the present happiness of others. In a misanthropic, owlish singularity, he keeps himself aloof from their sanguine enterprises and expectations. The most cheerful auspices he darkens by his forebodings. It is well if he has not to struggle also with a secret disaffection towards the providence of God.

But such a faculty is not given to us without a reason: it must be capable of a salutary use. We are made to remember what we have been, and done, and enjoyed or suffered, not that it may awaken fruitless or mischievous regrets, any more than to nourish pride and presumption; but that the past may qualify us for the present and the future. It may afford us two kinds of instruction.

We may learn something of the providence of God. Our course has been under His eye, our circumstances have been ordered by His will. If we have ever known prosperity, though now it is past beyond recovery, yet it has been ours, and let us mark it as His bounty. If we have known calamity, it has fallen, and not the less if heavily, by His permission: let us mark it, therefore, as His chastisement. We shall need severer corrections if we fail to notice those He has already administered, and we turn His very kindness against ourselves, if we do not thank Him for its past displays. Let us mark His hand supporting, defending, leading us hitherto, and restraining us also, when but for such restraint we had injured or even de-

stroyed ourselves. In the temper of His inspired servants, let us adore Him who has "not rewarded us according to our iniquities," but borne with and cared for us in unmerited kindness to this hour. Whatever may be our present circumstances, the thought of the past should suffice to prompt the grateful inquiry, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?"

While we study the providence of God, let us mark also our own errors and sins, that we may guard ourselves and others against the like hereafter. We are more impartial observers of what we have been than of what we are; and, if we are willing to learn the lesson, our own recollections will show us not only something of our general imperfection, but the more prominent deformities of our hearts and lives. It is our own fault if we do not thus become acquainted with our delinquencies and our wants. To know our faults, in order that we may confess them and repent of them before God; to know our chief infirmities, that we may avail ourselves of every proffered aid against them; to know our mistakes, that we may rectify them; to know clearly, as we may by experience, all our deficiencies, that they may be henceforth supplied,—this surely is a part of practical wisdom, and such wisdom we may gather from the past.

Every retrospect of life may suggest to us the great fact so solemnly presented in the word of inspiration, that we are continually preparing materials for our own subsequent review. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap;" and, in more senses than one, human life speedily confirms the declaration. Time wasted, talents misapplied or disused, advantages forfeited, influence perverted,—these things, when they come to be remembered, not only overshadow the mind with a gloomy sense of loss, but oppress the heart with the

conviction of folly, ingratitude, and wilfulness. Conscience pronounces a clearer judgment on the past than on the present. When the present shall be added to the past, its negligences and abuses will aggravate the burden before resting on the memory. Especially we would have our young readers consider, that they will afterwards review this present period of their lives, and that it depends on their use of it whether the remembrance will give them anything but grief and shame. The pleasantest thing for you to remember in after life, will be your doing your duty and following the Saviour now.

The day of judgment, revealed in the Sacred Scriptures, will be a season of retrospection. Every faculty possessed in this life, and every advantage here put within our reach, will be recollected, along with our treatment of them. All men will be compelled to acknowledge the whole bounty that God has bestowed on them in this world, and not the less if they shall have forgotten or abused it. They will read the account of His dealings with them, whatever may be their answer. Above all other good, every man will remember his opportunities of serving his Maker, and of preparing himself and others for immortality. We shall then review not only the numberless blessings of the Divine Providence, but the offered grace of the Gospel. Every means of spiritual improvement, the Bible, the Sabbath, the house of prayer, Christian friends, the persuasions of the Divine Spirit in the soul, will be past good remembered. And through all these means the Saviour of sinners will be seen, as received or rejected by ourselves, while we shall answer to Him as our Judge. For that review let every other be preparatory; and when the mirror of our life shall then be fairly held before us, may we meet the reflection it will give, without "confusion of face."

OLD AGE.

BY THE EDITOR.

How does the startled heart of youth revolt at the bare mention of Old Age!

Why should it thus revolt? When man has garnered up the fruits of knowledge and experience, and dotted his pathway with good deeds, which still shed their starry light around him, his last days may be his best days—a quiet resting-place—a hill-top between Time and Eternity, where he may set up a solemn and grateful memorial, bearing the inscription, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me."

From this eminence, he sees the ladder which reaches from Earth to Heaven, and the angels upon it are his own loved ones, who have gone a little while before him to that blessed world. Their sweet, familiar smiles give him the assurance that he will be no stranger there. Some among them, guided his youthful footsteps in the paths of wisdom and virtue; others were led by his example into the "narrow way" which has terminated in that holy home.

The world where he is required to remain a little longer, is God's beautiful world. For the gray pilgrim, there are still

oases, bright with living waters, and cool with refreshing shade. He has the chart of inspiration to guide him safely to the end of his pilgrimage. God "giveth his beloved sleep," and there are "songs in the night," for those who watch for the dawn.

My thoughts revert to one who was so lovely in her "age's lateness," as almost to reconcile the gayest in the heyday of life to that dreaded period, could they then be like—grandmother.

Though time had furrowed her cheek, blanched her soft, glossy hair, and dimmed the lustre of her dark eye, there was still beauty in her countenance—the serene beauty of the soul, shining through the decaying tenement.

Illness had, for many years, given her a peculiar claim upon the care and tenderness of her family, but after life's allotted term of threescore and ten, health smiled upon ten other added years. The sorrows which her Heavenly Father deemed essential for her discipline, had nearly passed away; a rainbow brightly spanned the retreating clouds, and she rejoiced in that token of *His* covenant, assuring her of the rising of the Sun of Righteousness—a glorious immortality.

The law of kindness was ever on her lips, springing spontaneous from the law of her life. Love was that law, and its outward manifestation, kindness, was exhibited towards every living thing which came in her daily pathway.

Her affection for children was a well-spring of delight, unchilled by the frosts of age, and their warm, young hearts responded to this affection. She entered into their guileless sports with interest, and aided the little ones who clustered around her in all their innocent amusements. As the boy said, when invited to see some fine spectacle, that "he could

not half see without grandfather," so her little visiters could not half play, without the approving smile of their grandmother. The devoted love of these grandchildren, neither absence, distance, nor intercourse with the world, ever abated. On their return home, the first thought was of the parental roof—the almost simultaneous one, of the beloved old mansion of their venerated grandmother.

To the poor, the mourner, and the widow, she was the true and sympathizing friend. Her simple, unpretending kindness won its way to the grieved and over-burdened heart. Bad indeed must have been that heart which did not render to her the tribute of gratitude. Even her rebukes were so tempered with kindness, that they conveyed a healing balm for the wounds they inflicted.

Next to her kindness, humility was the leading trait in her saint-like character. The "troops of friends," who gathered around her old age, were of all classes in society. Though herself, in every sense, a lady, she seemed, as life was drawing towards its close, to forget all merely conventional, worldly distinctions. In obedience to the injunction of her Divine Master, she called in the poor of God's household, to partake with her in the bounties which He had dispensed to her. Even her neat but plain attire presented no strong contrast with the more humble garb of those who thus sat at her hospitable table. No condescension of manner on her part, ever aroused the natural, sinful pride of the human heart. This sweet humility was blended with a meekness so genuine, that even the passionate became gentle in her presence. It was said of her truly "she never had an enemy."

Her cheerfulness was greatly promoted throughout her long life, by her love for flowers. During the very last year of her

life, she spent many hours of healthful recreation in her garden. The particular flowers which she had loved in youth were still her favourites, fondly cherished in her declining years. Her petted roses, gilly-flowers, and geraniums were renewed each year—for her grandchildren prized highly the plants which she reared—and as she parted with them, from time to time, others took their places, and bloomed beneath her nursing care. Some of them were fresh and beautiful in her apartment when the hand which planted them grew cold in death.

Another striking characteristic of this aged saint was her childlike faith in God. This faith was strengthened and confirmed in her latest years. The Saviour whom she had so long trusted, she now leaned upon with a more firm and happy reliance. How devout and meek was her attention, while with folded hands she listened to the reading of God's Holy Book! Her voice continued to join in singing His praises, although the notes which joyfully fell from her lips were feeble and tremulous. Reverently she bent her aged form in prayer, and poured forth her earnest soul in pure devotion, in that blessed spot, hallowed by these remembrances.

In her death there was no triumph, no exultation. The meekness and humility which had been so strikingly exhibited throughout her long life, were conspicuous at its peaceful close.

She fell asleep in Jesus, with a hope, full of immortality.

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."
HEB. iv. 9.

LIFE—our term of mortal years,
Life—whose exponent is breath,
Life—the soul's career on earth,
For ever terminate in Death.

Life—the essence of the soul,
Life—of second-birth the test,
These in triumph pass through Death
To Life with God—Eternal Rest.

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